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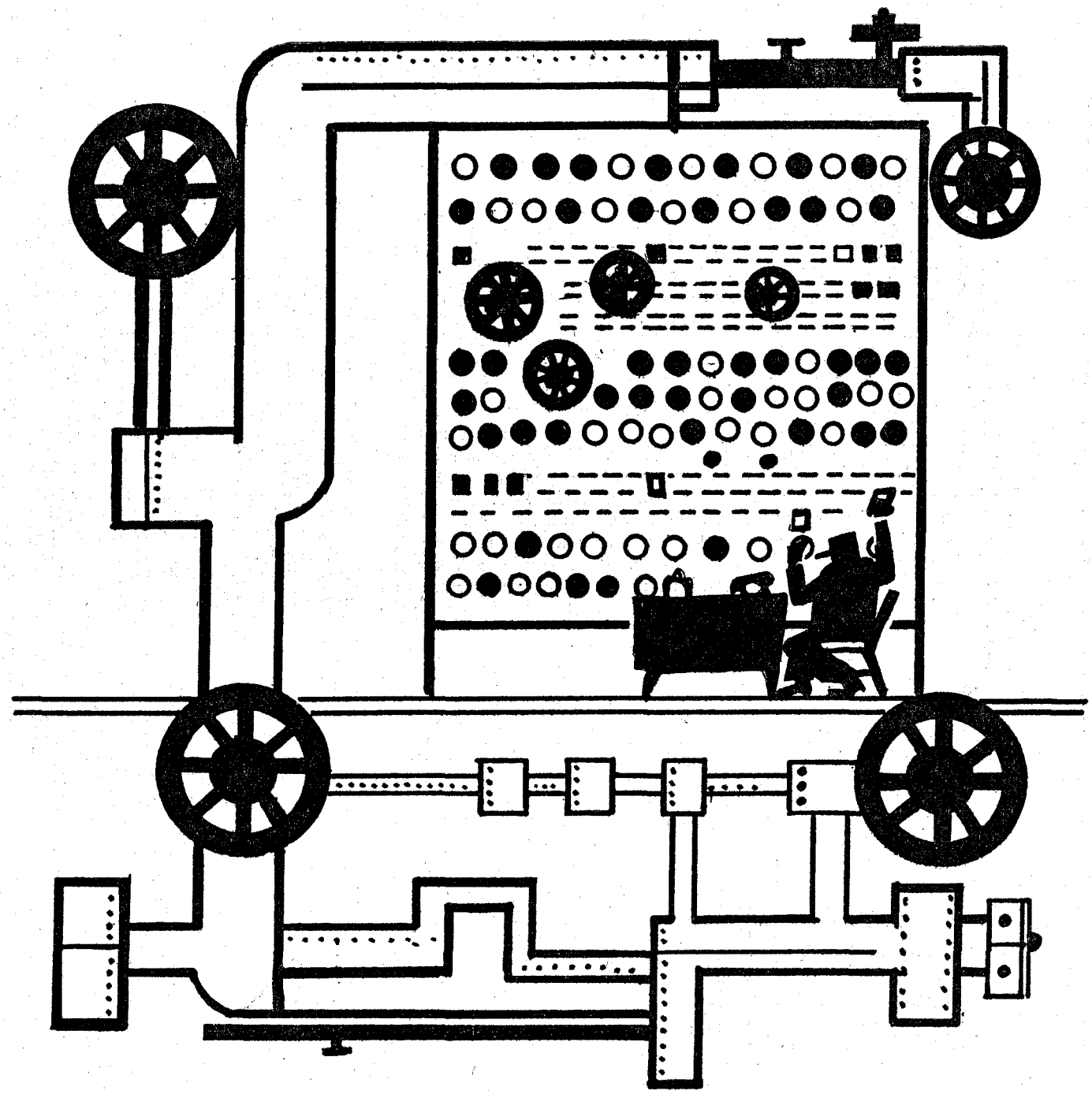

AUTOMATION'S BRAVE NEW WORLD

by Bernard Karsh

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LETTERS

The Hiss Case

Several paragraphs have been extracted from each of the following letters on the Hiss case (The Nation, *September 21), and appear separately on the back cover of this issue.*—EDITORS

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook seems to feel, as do many people, that there was something outré and bizarre in the celebrated defendant's having asked to look at Mr. Chambers' teeth.

I worked briefly for Whittaker Chambers when he was book review editor of *Time*—I think that it was in the summer of 1942—and at that time his teeth were utterly incredible. As I recall, they were jagged and yellow and dark blue, rather like a stormy winter sunset, and while they would have passed without comment in a French waterfront movie, they were astonishing in Rockefeller Plaza.

The second point: If there is one place in Mr. Cook's excellent piece that seems a little uncertain and unjelled, it is the section dealing with the Ford which Mr. Hiss said he gave to Mr. Chambers. It is hard to find much that is amusing in the Hiss case, but there is nevertheless a certain piquancy in hearing—as I sometimes have—people with whom it is a commonplace to lose $500 at canasta or $1,000 at poker shake their heads disapprovingly because Alger Hiss let a $25 jalopy slip through his nerveless fingers without extracting payment.

What Mr. Hiss seems to have been up against, in that particular instance, is an unconscious national attitude toward the internal-combustion engine that borders on the fetishistic.

MARGARET HALSEY

White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Even those already familiar with the record will learn new things from Mr. Cook's article. I was most impressed with his account of the way in which the original and the supplementary proceedings for a new trial were undermined and frustrated by the activities of the FBI. Undoubtedly consideration of length prevented a discussion of another aspect of the case which fortified doubt of the validity of the conviction. This is the enormously prejudicial atmosphere in which the case was tried, an atmosphere which was the product not only of the swirling passions of the time but also of the illegal and partisan efforts of the House committee. Fortunately, Hiss's book contains a full discussion of this phase of the trial.

As we all know from history, nothing is more difficult than to persuade a government to admit its mistakes in a criminal case which has become intertwined with larger political questions. Mr. Cook's article cannot be viewed as an abstract discussion of an important event in recent history. Its implications are too serious to be ignored. Certainly neither the passage of time nor the finality of judgment should serve as a barrier to Hiss's vindication. As the United States Supreme Court has recently held in *United States* v. *Ohio Power Company,* "The interest in finality of litigation must yield where the interests of justice require it." Mr. Hiss's case is neither a dead nor a lost cause. Mr. Cook's article should disturb the complacent and revive in all of us the hope that a way can be found in this calmer time to lay the doubts which haunt this case.

FRANK DONNER

New York City

Dear Sirs: Among a host of others, one key problem in the Hiss case remains. How did Mr. Chambers, who said over and over for nine years that he broke with communism in 1937, and who is shown certainly to have been fleeing from the Communists by the beginning of March, 1938, obtain a document which reached the State Department on April 1, 1938? It is hard to reconcile these facts with Chambers' claim that this document, and the others, came from Hiss, but it is just as difficult to suppose that the fleeing Chambers obtained it from Wadleigh or some unnamed confederate. Neither those who believed Mr. Chambers, nor those who believed Mr. Hiss, have yet offered a theory which explains all the known facts, of which this discrepancy in dates is perhaps the most important.

The tangible, if shaken, evidence of the typewriter and the documents is enough to put the burden of proof on those who believe Hiss—but Mr. Cook does useful service in showing that the case is still a puzzle, and that no explanation of it has yet been conclusively proved.

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
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University of Texas

Austin, Texas.

CORRECTION: In the article, McClellan: The Grim Prober, which appeared in the issue of September 14, certain facts concerning Senator McClellan's tragic loss of two sons were inadvertently misstated. Max McClellan, a son by a first marriage, died in North Africa; some years later, while Max's body was being returned to the United States for burial, John L., Jr., a son by a second marriage, died as the result of a car accident.

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 10
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

This Is No Tragedy

The President has acted firmly, wisely, and in fulfillment of his constitutional responsibilities in ordering federal troops into Little Rock to uphold the authority of the federal courts. Sooner or later the President would have had to face this direct challenge, if not in Arkansas then elsewhere. For the country now knows, if it did not know before, that a large section of the South has long been nurtured on the misconception that compliance with the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments is a matter of local option. (The Jackson *Daily News*, in an editorial of September 25, comments: "To the President — Nuts!"). The President met the Little Rock crisis in the only way he could meet it; he said what needed to be said and did what needed to be done.

Over a year ago (July 7, 1956), in a special issue on the theme, "Time to Kill Jim Crow," we said in these columns that there was ample precedent for the use of federal troops and that the President should use them, if necessary, to secure compliance with decrees issued pursuant to the Supreme Court's ruling. In the same editorial, we pointed out that the repeated assurances, official and otherwise, that federal troops would not be used had the effect of encouraging Southern officials to resist the inevitable. In retrospect, it is amazing that so many responsible leaders should have acquiesced in the proposition that force should never be used under any circumstances whatever to obtain compliance with federal district court desegregation decrees. Even the President—and he was supported by Adlai Stevenson—encouraged the South to believe that force would not be used. But *any* President, Republican or Democrat, must use force, if necessary, to uphold the Constitution. The President should have made it clear, throughout the period subsequent to May 17, 1954, that he would use whatever force was necessary to secure compliance. But whatever the President's sins of omission, the Senators who signed the Dixiecrat Manifesto were more grievously at fault; they encouraged a form of insurrection. What has been needed all along has been strong executive and legislative leadership in support of the Supreme Court's ruling. Now that the President has acted, a new climate of opinion will form which should make it possible to proceed "with all deliberate speed" to enforce desegregation as a national policy.

Of course there will be "incidents" and "disturbances"; hoodlums will howl and hysterics will rant. Teen-age girls will scream, "Oh, God, they let the niggers in!" Ignorant mobs will shout, "two, four, six, eight, we ain't gonna integrate." Photographers will have their cameras smashed. Senator Byrd's blood pressure will continue to rise. Talmadge II will rumble imprecations throughout Georgia. Klansmen will light fiery crosses in the dead of night. Spinsters will faint. And, here and there, troops may be needed, for short periods of time, to maintain order—but only in those communities where local "law and order" has connived at violence. The conservative South will not rush headlong into open rebellion; already these elements are preparing the way for a reluctant but gradual capitulation. Racial demagogues always use the threat of "bloodshed" and "violence" to intimidate the majority of law-abiding citizens who, of course, abhor physical violence of any kind. But it is folly ever to yield to such threats. If the liberty of an individual is to be suppressed because the granting of that liberty may incite others to violence, then the effect is to make the least educated and most intemperate citizens the arbiters of what shall or shall not be permitted. The precondition to the solution of the so-called "race problem" in the South has always been the equal enforcement of the law and of every right sanctioned by the Constitution.

As amazing as the blindness to this obvious truth has been, even more amazing is the somber tragic note which echoes in most of the editorial and other comment on Little Rock. "Tragedy in the Sunshine," writes Stewart Alsop; "a national disaster," intones Adlai Stevenson; "The Tragedy of Little Rock," sighs the *Wall Street Journal*. One learns from a story in the New York *Post* that the career of Virgil T. Blossom, Little Rock's Superintendent of Schools, has been "wrecked" by "the great, great tragedy" that has taken place. (Our impression, from this distance, is that Mr. Blossom's career has not been blighted but that, overnight, he has acquired an enviable national reputation.) In some of this comment, the Supreme Court is accused of having "changed" the settled law of the

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land—query: when was the Fourteenth Amendment repealed?—and of having "legislated" a policy of desegregation. "The tragedy begins," comments the *Wall Street Journal*, "with nine men who decided to remake the country"—that is, a unanimous court reversed a decision that nine out of ten law school deans would now agree misinterpreted and largely nullified the historic purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Then in what sense and in whose eyes is the use of federal troops in Little Rock a matter of tragic national concern? In a sense, of course, it is tragic when some of the citizens of a democracy exhibit an incapacity for self-government. No one likes to see American citizens, however few in number, held back, at the point of bayonets, from assaulting Negro children. And admittedly there is cause for some concern over the consequence that may arise once the troops are withdrawn. But we have managed to escape the tragedy that would have ensued if the President had not acted as he did; in fact, we narrowly averted a disaster, in terms of world opinion. Little Rock is surely no tragedy for the gallant Mrs. L. C. Bates who heads the NAACP in Arkansas, nor for the Negro children now enrolled and attending Central High. In fact, there is no cause for any of us to weep, as though a vast tragedy had engulfed the nation, over those front-page photographs of the Negro children walking up the *front* steps of Central High flanked by federal troops. The real tragedy, if tragedy we must find, is that Negroes were not admitted there long ago, without troops.

The "battle" of Little Rock is over. Casualties: three minor injuries, one accidental. The appearance of federal troops and bayonets, *The New York Times* correspondent notes, did not have an inflammatory effect; it had a sobering effect. In a city of 117,000 (20,000 of them Negroes), agitators could not draw more than 1,500 whites to the school area. "The vast majority of Little Rock citizens went about their normal business. Downtown was quiet." So brush aside those crocodile tears; let's weep no more for Jim Crow.

The Brothers Dulles

How often do the brothers Dulles—Allen W., director of the Central Information Agency, and John Foster, Secretary of State—meet and what do they talk about when they do? Recently Allen W. has given us one of his rare public appraisals, based on the latest C.I.A. intelligence, of Soviet affairs. His major conclusions: radical changes are taking place in the Soviet Union and more are in the making; the Soviet leaders do not dare to let their peoples "have knowledge of the facts of life"; these same leaders are frightened by the prospect of more Soviet citizens visiting the United States; new technical and managerial elites are demanding more freedom from Khrushchev and his colleagues; unrest among students and intellectuals confronts the authorities with a troublesome challenge; finally, and for Moscow the most vexing of its problems, any relaxation of tension at home or abroad only makes it the more difficult for the Soviet leaders to control the tides of unrest at home. If these conclusions are sound, then American foreign policy in relation to the Soviet Union is not calculated to exploit Soviet weaknesses. A policy based on the conclusions of Allen W. would include: greater emphasis on cultural and technical exchange missions; mutual trade fairs; efforts to encourage the flow of East-West travel; propaganda emphasizing this country's pacific intentions; an intensification of straight news and information programs beamed at the Soviet audience; a suspension of nuclear-bomb tests and similar actions calculated to assure the Russian people that international tensions are relaxing; and great stress on the basic freedoms, individual, political, intellectual, enjoyed by citizens of the West.

Perhaps the next time they meet, the brothers Dulles will hold a joint consultation on American policy and on the premises on which it rests.

Diddling the Subconscious

Unless we are much mistaken, the next phrase that is going to be on everyone's tongue is "subliminal advertising."

Subliminal advertising, like so much in that trade, is the hybrid spawn of psychology, Yankee know-how and economic enterprise (greed). Briefly, it has been shown that the human animal's thought processes can be influenced by repeated sensory stimuli, each of such short duration that the sense organs do not register the signal in the conscious area of the brain. In practical terms, this means that you can superimpose on a movie or a television broadcast some such slogan as "Don't choke; have a coke!," repeating the message every five seconds for, say, a fiftieth of a second. The audience won't "see" the message, but pretty soon it will begin to hack and cough and beat a line to the nearest icebox or bottle dispenser.

How do you like that? How would Tom Paine or Oliver Wendell Holmes or Clarence Day's father have liked it? The advertising people are reassuring. They say that this sort of suggestion won't work on people not disposed to accept the advice. You can't flash a slogan that will make people swig household ammonia or turn a convinced teetotaler into a beer sot. At least, this year you can't. But who wants to be diddled subconsciously into doing even those things he rather likes to do, and how do we know someone can't persuade us to mortgage our insurance and buy a sports car with the ill-gotten cash? We like sports cars.

We trust the gentlemen on Madison Avenue as implicitly as we trust their brothers in Washington.

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But advertising and politics had better be kept on a conscious level or we shall turn off the set and stay away from the polls. If an ad agency can massage our subconscious into thinking that another nice, cool glass of beer is just what we want, still another kind of agency might tickle our egos into thinking that it would be fun to annex Mexico or show the Russians who's boss.

In recent months this magazine has forborne from viewing with alarm and crying "outrage," but we allow ourselves the indulgence of saying that subliminal advertising is the most alarming and outrageous discovery since Mr. Gatling invented his gun.

Limited War, Unlimited Confusion

In an article in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Mr. Dulles appears to have abandoned "massive retaliation" in favor of the "limited war" thesis. As always, his reasoning is ingenious. If the Soviets were to over-run Europe with conventional forces, the retaliative use of megaton-type weapons with large fission fall-out would endanger "the friendly peoples of the area." Naturally these self-same friendly peoples would not be markedly enthusiastic about the prospect of eventual liberation through massive retaliation. Besides, the moral onus of having been the first to use nuclear weapons would then necessarily fall upon the Western alliance.

But now that "clean" nuclear weapons can be used tactically, without the risk of "vast destruction and widespread harm to humanity," our allies may be counted upon to demand only the best in weapons. So equipped, they could probably check a Soviet assault by conventional forces no matter how badly they might be outnumbered. Under these circumstances, then, the Soviets would be faced with the necessity of withdrawing or of initiating full-scale nuclear war. Thus, concludes Mr. Dulles, the tables would be turned in the sense that the non-aggressors would not have to rely upon all-out nuclear retaliatory power for their protection, while the aggressors, unable to rely upon success by conventional forces, would have to weigh the consequences of invoking nuclear war.

But would this necessarily be the case? Suppose the Soviets respond to the tactical use of nuclear weapons by using nuclear weapons tactically? How long would such a war remain limited? In *The Nation* of August 31, the fantasy of limited war was critically examined by Matthew Josephson. Now Colonel Ephraim M. Hampton, a leading Air Force theorist, in an article in the *Air University Quarterly Review*, points to the same fallacies in the limited-war argument. The distinction between "total" and "limited" war, in Colonel Hampton's view, simply does not exist in fact; at best it is "a hope . . . an escapist device . . . a case of candy coating the bitter truth." At high levels, therefore, there would seem to be almost unlimited confusion about limited war.

Watching the Leaves Turn

On the morning of September 24, the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted a little less than one-fourth of the 1,000 words it daily allots to editorials to a small essay that began "According to official notices, autumn arrived at 3:27 a.m. yesterday" and ended, "For the moment there seems to be nothing better to do than to sit back and watch the leaves turn."

That was the morning after President Eisenhower issued his proclamation to the citizens of Arkansas, and the paper did carry an editorial on the mob rule in Little Rock. But it was also the morning after the President had warned the International Monetary Fund that inflation might cause a world depression and after the Canadian Prime Minister urged the U.N. Assembly to work for a suspension of intercontinental-weapons research. The *Herald Tribune* preferred to comment on pay TV and the use of dogs by city police.

On the day when Pope Pius XII stated that the Catholic Church "shows a preference" for widows and widowers who do not remarry, the *Herald Tribune* carried an editorial on how the crew of a subway train had rescued a boatload of fisherman from Jamaica Bay. Perhaps the editors decided that the Pope's somewhat stunning message fell into the area of private conscience, but they might have considered the news (carried on the front page) that Russia had closed Vladivostok Bay to foreign shipping, that Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler had read the riot act to his Southern members, or that the air force was about to fire a space missile from a balloon 100,000 feet above Eniwetok Atoll. And when is the news of the world so dull that a metropolitan daily must run an editorial beginning "A grey squirrel is never a creature of sluggish motion"?

This folksiness is not a peculiarity of the *Herald Tribune*. It runs through the whole of American daily journalism and every editorial room has at least one old retainer with a gift for whimsey. The superstition is that the public loves it, but the fact is that the editorial page is the one that most frequently goes under the dog's dish. These nature notes and human interest amusements are really a paper's way of filling space in which it might otherwise have to take an awkward stand—and the more tricky the news the more often they appear. It may be good diplomacy, but it is not good journalism. A reader who is alarmed or excited by what he reads on page one and who turns to the editorial page to see what the newspaper thinks, is not apt to be amused by his favorite journal's sudden concern for the safety of squirrels crossing the street.

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Automation's Brave, New World . . .

Bernard Karsh

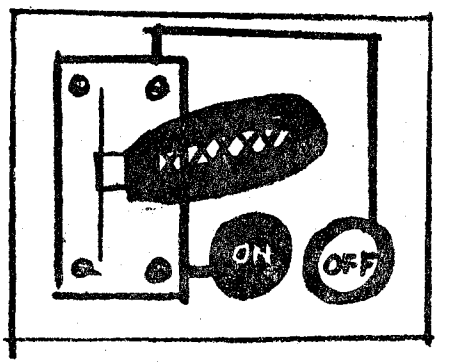
IT SEEMS clear that automation, aside from its economic implications, will have profound social effects. Just as the industrial revolution — the rise of the factory — impressed its rhythms on society, so the rhythms of automation will give a new character to leisure, to work and to living. Affected will be not only the relation of the worker to his work, but his relations with other workers and with his employers; and, beyond this, significant changes in working hours and a redistribution of factories, in a geographic sense, could set up additional profound pressures on the present patterns of our society.

Automation is defined in various ways, but it may be summarily defined as the accomplishment of a work task by an integrated power-driven mechanism entirely without the *direct application* of human energy, skill, intelligence or control. Automation is more than simple mechanization, and it is advancing on at least two levels of technology. One level is the so-called *continuous-flow automation* which is typified by machines that replace men's muscles, eliminate physical effort and substitute electricity for manpower, and which are coupled to devices eliminating human judgment in the administration or direction of the control of the machine. This has sometimes been called machines to run machines. The automatic mechanism watches what the machine is doing, makes sure it follows the instructions and automatically corrects mistakes.

Another phase of automation is sometimes called *business automation*. This is the use of computing and decision-making machines, so-called "electronic brains," which hand out administrative, statistical and clerical policies. Conceivably, an entire plant can be operated under the administration of these types of machines. Doing so would involve analyzing sales reports, ordering and checking the flow of materials, scheduling and controlling the operations, making out invoices, recording payments, and so on — all by machine.

Experiments are now going forward at an increasing rate to combine these two phases into a single computer-run system. Whether this technology is old or new is not relevant for our purpose here. Its most important consequences will be felt and are now being felt as a result of the tremendous pace with which it is being developed and put to use.

First, automation may change the basic composition of the labor force, creating what Daniel Bell calls a new "salariat" instead of a "proletariat," as automated processes reduce the number of industrial workers required in factory production. In the automobile industry, for example, the number of production



workers declined by 3.5 per cent from 1947 to 1956, while the number of workers engaged in the processing of information increased 24.3 per cent (*Business Week,* April 20, 1957).

Changes of similar magnitude have occurred in the aircraft and farm-equipment manufacturing industries. And changes of even greater magnitude have occurred in the same period in the chemical and oil-refining industries. These industries are among the leaders in the adoption of automated equipment. A few specific examples of the impact of automation on production manpower requirements may suffice to give some indication of the direction in which manufacturing industry is headed.

Fourteen glass-blowing machines, each operated by one worker, now produce 90 per cent of the glass light bulbs used in the United States and all the glass tubes (except picture tubes) used in radio and television sets. In the radio and television industry, new machines etch or stencil on a board what were formerly hand-wired circuits; once the components are fed into the machines, complete radio sets can be produced. On one radio-assembly line, turning out 1,000 radios a day, two workers now produce more than 200 workers did with the old methods.

In the automobile industry, the non-automated engine plant has disappeared for all practical purposes. In the Ford Cleveland plant, built in 1952 and now being modernized because of obsolescence, one man runs a transfer machine performing more than 500 machine operations, whereas conventional methods required thirty-five to seventy men. Formerly 400 workers took forty minutes to turn out one engine block; now, under automated methods, forty-eight workers complete a block in less than half that time. Automation has been applied in the handling of bulk materials in fertilizer plants. The continuous-flow industries — oil refining and piping, chemicals, plastics, paint, beverages, rubber, electric power, etc.—all have been undergoing radical changes in manufacturing processes in the last decade.

THESE TECHNICAL changes may have several effects. With automated processes doing the work of large numbers of human workers, management may no longer have to worry about a large labor force. This means that new plants can be located away from major cities and closer to markets or sources of raw materials and fuels. It is often cheaper to build a completely automated factory from the ground up than to automate piecemeal an existing factory. Thus, there is an impetus toward constructing new plant facilities either on the peripheries of large cities or away from them altogether. This, in time, may leave the giant, sprawling,

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industrial metropolis as a dwelling place for human beings instead of a location for unsightly factories. The radio-manufacturing, chemical and automobile industries are already developing along these lines. And since automation involves the continuous flow of materials and information in a highly integrated and coordinated fashion, it can be more efficiently applied in single-story factories which have been specifically built for the purpose. Thus, space allocation tends to be more efficient and factories of smaller size.

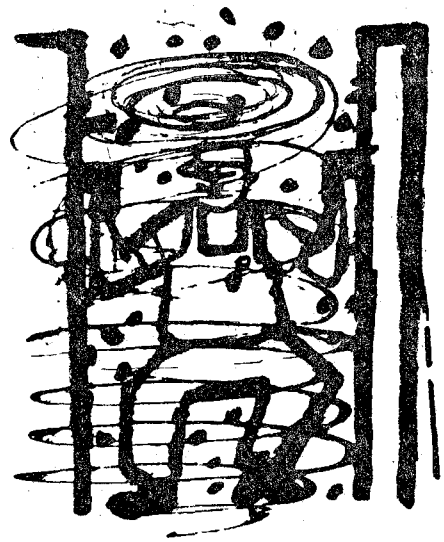
When the myriad of special-purpose production machines, each tended by a single worker, is replaced by a single, huge, multi-purpose, punch-card or tape-controlled machine, communication among workers, as well as the formation of work groups, becomes more difficult. At least one British union, for example, has already asked for "lonesome pay" for workers overseeing automated processes. Trade-union solidarity is fostered, at least in part, by the intimate relationship between workers thrown closely together in the workplace and by the development among them of common perceptions of their divorcement from management. With fewer workers in a given plant, and with these workers spatially isolated from each other, the corporation can exercise far greater social control over its workers. The works manager, presumably, can know all the men personally, and the spatial and social integration of workers in a non-automated factory may be replaced by a spatial and social integration of workers with supervisors. Under these conditions, a new kind of trade union identification may occur and a new kind of company town may be in the making.

THE decentralization of industry may equally revolutionize the social topography of the country as a whole. As new plants are built on the outskirts of towns and as workers come to live along the fringes of the spreading city, the distinction between urban and suburban becomes increasingly obliterated.

But more than topographical changes are involved. Bell suggests that under automation, depreciation becomes the major cost. Labor is cheap in relation to the tremendous cost of an automated machine. Workers can be laid off when they become unproductive, but it is enormously expensive to permit the machine to be idle. To write off the big capital investment, more and more of the automated plants may expand shift operations in order to keep the plant running twenty-four hours a day. And so more and more workers may find themselves working odd hours. When this occurs, the cycles of sleeping, eating, working and social life become distorted. Thus friendship patterns change sharply; moreover, when the wife and children follow a "normal" routine while the man sleeps through the day, home life becomes disjointed.

It is often said that the era of automation represents a "second industrial revolution" in the sense that a computer or a feedback-controlled transfer machine takes from man the necessity that he use his brain, or a good part of it, in his work, just as the first industrial revolution, ushered in by the power-driven machine, represented an extension of man's muscle power. But whatever the degrading effects, workers who use power-driven tools do use them, in a sense, as an extension of their own bodies. The machine responds to the worker's commands and adds new dexterity and power to his own muscle skills. But as a button-pusher on an automated machine, a man now stands outside his work and whatever control existed is finally shattered. Restricting output, for example, becomes a very difficult, if not impossible, thing to do. An oil-worker simply cannot slow down a cracking tower in order to get some satisfaction from the "boss." There is very little, if anything, the man who tends the huge broach in the Cleveland engine plant of Ford can do to affect the operation of that machine. A modern continuous tin mill operates almost wholly independently of the worker who watches lights, dials, gauges, perhaps a television picture tube or a spectroscope. In operations of this kind, muscular fatigue is replaced by mental tension.

A single instance may give some clue to this problem. The *New York*



Post reported the experiences of a Ford worker as told to a Senate subcommittee:

> Then there are workers who can't keep up with automation. Such as Stanley Tylack. Tylack, sixty-one and for twenty-seven years a job setter at Ford, was shifted from the River Rouge Foundry machine shop to the new automated engine plant. He was given a chance to work at a big new automatic machine. Simply, straightforwardly, he told his story. "The machine had about 80 drills and 22 blocks going through. You had to watch all the time. Every few minutes you had to watch to see everything was all right. And the machines had so many lights and switches—about 90 lights. It sure is hard on your mind. If there's one break in the machine the whole line breaks down. But sometimes you make a little mistake, and it's no good for you, no good for the foreman, no good for the company, no good for the union." And so Stanley Tylack, baffled by the machine he couldn't keep up with, had to take another job—at lower pay.

Mr. Tylack's experience suggests, of course, that the tedium of routine tasks may be preferred by some workers. It also suggests that we may not yet know what kind of skills, experience, personality and similar attributes are required to operate the new machines. It seems clear that a skilled tool and die maker who, by virtue of his high skills and seniority, is entitled to take a dial-watcher's job, may not possess the psychological requirements of that job at all. But this need not be a problem in an age of automation,

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since the machine-tender and dial- and light-watcher can be replaced by other machines, and this is happening very quickly.

Here is where there may be a real social gain for these new processes. Diebold and Drucker have pointed out that automation requires workers who can think of the plant as a whole. The locus of attention is shifted from the machine to the whole plant and the individual "cut-and-fit" method of production gives way to a continuous-flow process which eliminates the contribution of the machine-tender or batch-mixer. There is left, on the one hand, the unskilled worker, the broom pusher, whose job may be too menial to automate and, on the other, the highly skilled worker who designs, constructs, repairs and programs the machine. There is less trivialization, less minute specialization of function, and a need to know more about more than one job. There is a need for highly trained technical personnel who are able to see the process as a whole and who can conceive of the factory — not the machine or the individual worker — as the unit of production. Workers who can link the programmer with the lathe, the computer with the consumer, the sand pile with the casting, and the pipeline with the gasoline storage tank become the foremost need. It becomes necessary to know the drill and the finish grinder and to relate their jobs to each other.

The skills required in this new setting are altogether of a different order than before. The increased professionalization required by automation suggests that some of the loss of status attending earlier technological changes may be regained. Thus, there may be in the making a reversal of the historic trend toward ever greater specialization of function with its trivialization of work, and the reintegration of labor may begin to emerge.

Also very important may be the elimination of systems of work measurement in manufacturing and data processing. Modern industry, says Bell, began not with the factory but with the measurement of work. But under automation, with continuous flow, a worker's worth can no longer be evaluated in production units. Wage-incentive plans are based on the premise that human worth at the workplace can and should be measured by the number of units produced. It is reasoned that under the unit-worth concept, workers would produce more units for more money and there would be no limit to production if pay were made proportional to output. But with automation the human worker will be concerned with non-systematic work activity and will stand outside direct production activity. Highly skilled workers will be more concerned with adapting the production system to special situations, and this is an activity whose value can be measured neither by production units nor by the time units, as Adam Abruzzi points out in *Work, Workers and Work Measurement*. Hence, incentive plans, with their involved techniques, may vanish.

Abruzzi suggests that a new work morality may arise in place of a morality based on a unit-worth concept. The "one best way" definition of worker worth will give way, the stop watch and the slide rule will disappear as instruments for the measurement of worth, and fractionalized time or production units will no longer be useful measures. Worth will be judged on the basis of organization and planning and the continuously smooth functioning of the operation.

The individual worker loses his importance and is replaced by the team, and greater value is placed on the operating unit as a whole. Whyte's *The Organization Man* may indeed replace the traditional individualism which has characterized American society for so long.

FROM the DARK TOWERS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

THE 1,200 TOP organization men in America gathered at the Statler Hotel last week for a fall conference on Personnel and took time out between a session on "Inconsistencies in Wage and Salary Plans" and "Good Human Relations Pay Dividends at Motorola" to consider the less pressing topic of "The Executive Pictured in Fiction." Lest anyone suspect the sponsoring American Management Association of undue frivolity, or of aspirations to storm the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the master of ceremonies explained the practicality of the subject in his opening remarks. U. S. business firms, he said, spent more than two billion dollars last year in public relations; and along comes one of these novels, or a TV play like *Patterns*, which portrays the executive as rogue to an audience of fifty million people in a single night. "Think how many public relations dollars *that* lost!"

Thus having assured any skeptic who might think that "perhaps this topic is not worthy of 1,200 executives spending two hours here," chairman Charles R. Wade, Jr. personnel manager of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, pressed ahead in the role of an Organization Virgil, leading his charges to the far-off Inferno of fiction. The agenda, made as palatable as possible in old-time fancy vaudeville type on the program, read as follows: "*Act I*: The Executive as Rascal, Rogue, or Weakling; *Act II*: The Industrial Relations Man as Scoundrel; *Act III*: The Truth Shall Prevail (a panel discussion by executives and a writer.)" As if there were ever any doubt of the latter point, an "Addendum" was listed consisting of a long-distance telephone interview with Rod Serling, author of the previously-mentioned TV play, *Patterns*.

But before pushing on to those

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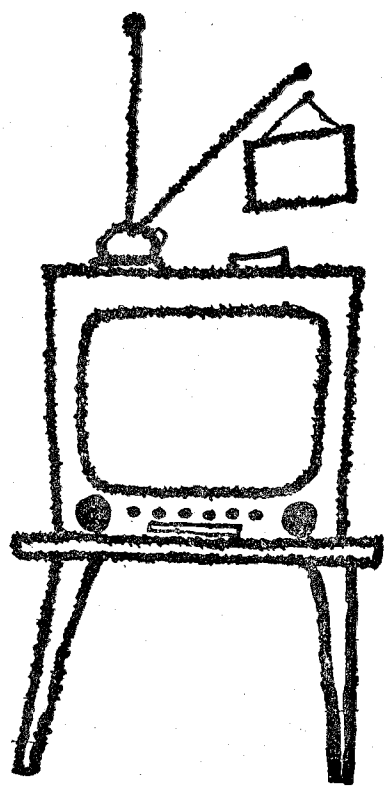
inner circles, it fell to the lot of one Francis Letton, identified on the program as "playwright and author," to deliver "an informed and learned discourse . . . in lively and uninhibited fashion" which summarized the basic texts: *Cash McCall, Executive Suite, The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, Sincerely Willis Wade,* and *From The Dark Tower.* To further familiarize the audience with these works, full-color images of their jackets were flashed on a large screen behind Mr. Letton as he spoke. The suggestion that this audio-visual presentation was alerting the audience to matters previously foreign to it was enunciated by at least one executive in the intermission. "I haven't read any fiction lately," he observed, but added, befitting the spirit of the occasion, "It looks like an interesting field." His companion concurred, remarking that he had once read Babbitt, but supposed it was rather out of date now.

In the meantime, playwright-author Letton, in his summary-discourse, had helped create an atmosphere of reception to the arts. The artist, he said, owed a long-standing historic debt to the executive: "Where would Leonardo da Vinci have been without Lorenzo de' Medici?" Furthermore, artists and actors had been little more than "gypsies" until James Burbidge came along and built the first theatre. And the trend toward "interdependence" of art and business was continuing all the time, Mr. Letton said — for example, where would a novelist be today without a publisher? Not many writers own printing presses. Without a doubt, the executives were assured, "the gap between the executive and the writer has narrowed."

Any doubting Thomas to that proposition is surely unfamiliar with the young man offered up as the program's plum from the writing game, Rod Serling (mispronounced "Sterling" by chairman Wade.) Writer Serling, according to a recently published book of his best TV plays, "holds the unofficial record for produced television plays — over a hundred in eight years of writing for the medium." In the author's own commentary in that volume, his play about the terrors of Big Business, entitled *Patterns,* is the job that "took me into television's elite quickly and fabulously." In an essay on "The Anatomy of Success," Mr. Serling reports that after the smash-hit of *Patterns,* "I treaded my way through a brand-new world of dollar-sign mobiles hanging from the sky, shaking hands with my right hand, depositing checks with my left, watching my bank account grow . . ." Here, at last, is the closing of the gap between executive and writer — da Vinci and de' Medici rolled into one.

As further proof, Mr. Serling's commentary in the book of his prize works indicates a hard-headed approach to the task that might be the envy of any mass-production executive. He points out that his play *Patterns* "follows the classic lines of tragedy in a way that could be plotted on a graph." Why not? Perhaps there soon may emerge a do-it-yourself home playwright kit which enables a busy citizen to create Greek Tragedy by following the dots, much as in the already flourishing "numbered" painting kits.

But let no modern critic scoff too soon at writer-executive Serling. The management session certainly made a significant choice in picking its featured writer. Television is, after all, our own popular medium of culture, just as live theatre was for the Greeks — and by prizes won and plays produced, Rod Serling, God help us all, is our Sophocles.



When the house lights dimmed in the Statler Grand Ballroom for the telephone interview with Serling, his picture was flashed on the screen behind the microphone. The clean-shaven, strong-jawed face was a pleasant surprise — it was observed that Mr. Serling didn't even *look* like a writer.

BUT THE OLD tradition of alienation lingers still if only by rote, and Serling laughingly mentioned something about being now "in the camp of the enemy." He quickly assured the audience, though, that his play *Patterns* was in no way an attack on the business community as such; that, in fact, the hero-scoundrel-executive, Ramsey, was based on an old army officer whom the author used to serve under. The Grand Ballroom laughed with relief. There had, in the first place, been nothing to fear. Mr. Serling in his *Patterns* commentary wrote that "I couched it [*Patterns*] in terms of big business because there is an innate kind of romance in the big, the blustering, and the successful. But there is, in the final analysis, nothing Marxist in the message of this play." (None of this black-list foolishness for Serling.)

The audience perhaps had begun to wonder, though, when a group of actors presented several highlight scenes from *Patterns* for the audience — including the one where Andy the old, ulcered executive, is crucified by the high-powered boss (presented here with Serling's stage directions):

> Fred: "Andy, this is ridiculous. Tell him! For God's sake, tell him!"
>
> (*Something happened to Andy at this one moment. I have to describe it this way: His guts cave in. His pride, or what was left of it, oozes out in a flood tide. His manliness collapses. And when he speaks now it is the voice of a panhandler begging a dime for coffee; and it comes from a hollow-eyed, gaunt ghost just cut down from the whipping post.*)

So ends the executive — but, as Serling said, it could have been any-

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one. The only disquieting report was Serling's admission that he received several hundred letters when the play was produced on television accusing him of basing the story on this or that company, or asking just which company he really had in mind.

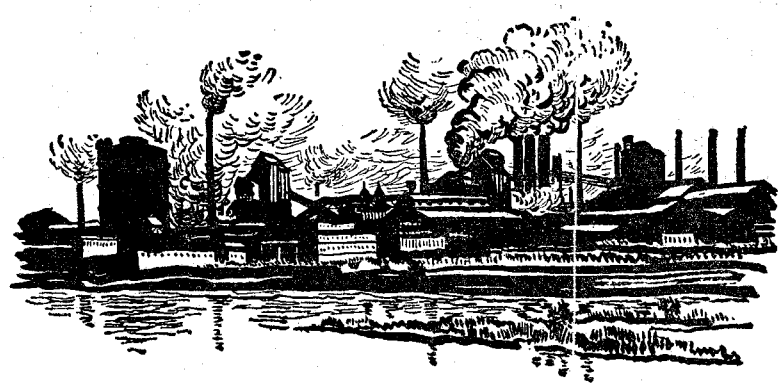
But the executives on the panel discussion that followed claimed little identification with that sort of ulcerated world. Julius S. Glaser, president and founder of the Glaser-Steers Corp., remarked: "The situation varies widely from company to company and very probably is improving." He said that the novels and plays about business were a great over-simplification of the real situation: that, for instance, *From The Dark Tower,* by Ernst Pawel, the author present on the panel, portrayed a completely dehumanized world — the organization running the man — and that just wasn't the case. James I. Patin, personnel director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, said that there was actually less conformity in his company today than there was years ago, And today you had such things as the Bell Telephone Company sending its executive trainees to courses in the humanities. Mr. Patin wondered if Mr. Pawel *really* felt the business world to be as discouraging as he had shown it in his book.

Ernst Pawel sat at the end of the discussion table, puffing a pipe, looking a good deal more tired and unbusinesslike than the giant picture of firm-jawed Serling, and answered in a quiet, thoughtful voice:

"Yes. I do think it's that discouraging. In our present civilization I believe that a process of dehumanization is taking place. The tycoons of yesterday — the Morgans and Rockefellers — they were individualists. The tycoon of today is almost anonymous — yet his power is enormous. There is a quality of inhumanity now. I believe that the basis and measure of everything is man — this used to be understood. Now it doesn't seem to be. Whyte documents this very carefully in *The Organization Man.* This feeling that is there seeps down even to the schools, to all of us, and it produces this quality of dehumanization — of blandness."

Mr. Glaser disagreed. "Who can walk down 34th Street," he asked, "and say that the people you pass along the way are bland and dehumanized?"

Mr. Pawel sat at the end of the table, puffing reflectively on his pipe, staring politely ahead at the sea of executive faces. There were several more questions, but the show was really over. Mr. Pawel sat at his end of the table, Mr. Glaser sat next to him, each of them finally alone with his private vision from the two dark towers so distant from each other.



Coexistence — or "Clean" Bombs? . . *by Harold Greer*

United Nations, N. Y.

FOR A MAN who makes a hobby of sailing, Secretary Dulles' performance before the U.N. General Assembly this year was incredibly bad seamanship. Instead of veering and tacking with the currents and pressures of the Assembly, he met them head on and the wind figuratively went out of his sails. It was unprecedented in U.N. history, but hardly surprising, that after Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had sailed with the tide the next day, the United States should find itself far behind the Soviet Union in the General Assembly's annual leadership race.

This may prove to be a purely temporary thing, although the evidence indicates otherwise. The twelfth Assembly session has the wind up on disarmament and the Middle East and it is manifestly scared on both counts. If it is given a choice — and both Dulles and Gromyko agree it should have a choice — it is going to favor Mr. Gromyko's appeal for peaceful coexistence over Mr. Dulles' appeal for time to make a clean atomic bomb. The fright of a big war which last year's invasion of Egypt produced is still fresh enough in the minds of delegates to make, for most of them, disarmament and the Middle East synonymous. When it comes to choosing, they will choose the quick over the dead.

There were some early storm warnings of the Assembly's mood. Prince Wan of Thailand said goodbye to the presidency by reiterating that "if a positive step forward could be taken in the matter of disarmament, it would be hailed by the whole world." His successor, Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, alarmed the West by calling for "a sound and workable agreement, however limited it may be in its initial stages." Ireland's Foreign Minister, Frank Aiken, raised eyebrows by

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asking the U.N. to declare in favor of a pull-back of foreign forces from the East-West demarcation line and by supporting India's demand for full debate on the question of Chinese membership. Canada's Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker, in an emotional departure from his prepared text, even offered to withdraw from the U.N. disarmament subcommittee if it was thought that would help promote an agreement.

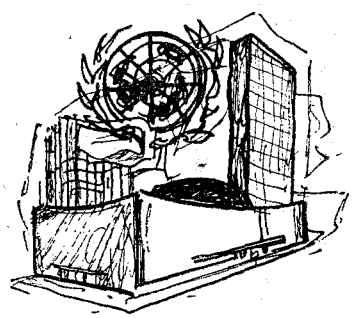
Clearly, this is a worked-up Assembly. It is also a changed Assembly, the first to feel the consolidation of voting power within the twenty-eight-member Afro-Asian bloc. An early test came in the little noticed but highly significant vote to elect the eight vice-presidents. By tacit agreement, five of these posts customarily go to the permanent members of the Security Council and the other three are split amongst Latin America, Europe and the Afro-Asians; this year, however, the Afro-Asians decided to try to capture the European seat for Tunisia and they succeeded in beating Spain by four votes. The same sense of newly-acquired power was discernible in India's attempt to force a floor debate on the Chinese representation issue.

THESE circumstances inevitably tended to favor the Russians and to put the United States on the defensive. What was unexpected was Mr. Dulles' failure to overcome this handicap on the one hand, and Mr. Gromyko's shrewd exploitation of his advantage on the other. Neither made the slightest concession in basic policy position; Mr. Gromyko, indeed, was exceedingly blunt in stating his terms for Soviet military withdrawal from Eastern Europe, in rejecting aerial inspection as the key to disarmament, and in warning that Russia would meddle in the Middle East just as long as the West did. But if it was the same old Soviet speech, it was by a different speechwriter; his tone was conciliatory and his argument unusually realistic. The general reaction was that it was the best Soviet statement ever heard at the U.N.

Against this, Mr. Dulles was harsh and overly self-righteous. One can find, on a close reading of his text, some effort to compromise; he did not, for example, charge the Soviet Union with violating U.N. principles in the Middle East; he said only that it "appeared" to be doing so. Similarly, he said, Soviet policy was "perhaps unwittingly" leading to dire consequences, and he deleted on delivery a suggestion that Turkey was being threatened by a "possible Soviet pincer movement" from North and South. But his general thesis and his language were straight out of the Dulles creed: that the status of the Soviet Union and of communism in the world is the status of outlawry, and that the U.N. must render a judgment between the just and the unjust.

MR. DULLES has always looked upon the U.N. as nothing more than a propaganda forum (just as the Soviet Union has), and one should not expect him to change his spots overnight. But it may be questioned whether this is any longer a very profitable attitude, first because the voting balance of power is now held by the neutralist bloc, and secondly because the world organization has become, for all practical purposes, nothing more than a propaganda forum. If this seems to be stating the obvious, it should be remembered that up until recently, propaganda was only one of the functions for which the U.N. could be used. It is only a few years ago that such U.N. leaders as Dag Hammarskjold and Lester Pearson were warning of the "trend" towards klieg-light diplomacy and the "tendency" to turn the U.N. into a depository for issues so frozen and non-negotiable that there was nothing to do but make propaganda out of them. And it is only a year ago that the middle and smaller powers, faced with a Middle East crisis which the big powers created but could not solve, assembled the U.N. Emergency Force. But the "trend" and the "tendency" have now been realized, while the experience of the Emergency Force, so far as establishing precedents for the future is concerned, has been so unhappy that the only proposal Hammarskjold has been able to draw from it is that its record be "studied."

For the Soviet Union, the reduction of the U.N. to a speech rostrum is a welcome development because, in the final analysis, the Soviet Union is dedicated to co-existence on the basis of an East-West status quo, and it will be appealing to a court of world opinion in which the controlling minority is rather inclined to feel the same way. But the United States cannot be satisfied with this development because the United States is, essentially, dedicated to non-acceptance of the status quo on the East-West issue; it was for liberation and it is for reform. So when it appeals to the U.N. to endorse reform (that is, when it seeks to exploit the U.N. for propaganda purposes) it can get a favorable vote if the issue is non-negotiable, as in the case of Hungary; but no such response is likely to be forthcoming on negotiable matters, because the



controlling minority is really not interested in reform but in the relaxation of tension and the achievement of settlements, no matter how compromising they may be. From the American point of view, the U.N. today is almost antagonistic to the attainment of American policy objectives.

A quick look at disarmament will show why this is so. The Western — i.e., the U. S. — proposals presented at London are in themselves eminently sensible offers: they are complicated, conditioned and obscure enough to be, in short, negotiable. But that of necessity makes them bad propaganda, and if one has to find reasons to justify them in public, those reasons will almost certainly sound phony and rather silly. There is not the slightest doubt, for example, that the United States is willing to stop nuclear testing providing the price is right — that

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is, providing the Soviet Union will stop making atomic bombs. This is a perfectly legitimate subject for diplomatic negotiation, but it is one thing to try to strike such a bargain in private and another thing to explain the offering of it in public. One is automatically forced on the defensive: hence, Mr. Dulles' dialectic about "discriminating" bombs.

THIS IS NOT to say that the Soviet proposal for an unconditional suspension of tests should not be accepted as the best we can do at the present time. The reason why we are unable to do better is because the United States decided, when it proposed the Eisenhower "open skies" scheme at Geneva in 1955, to adopt the Soviet tactic of using propaganda as a bargaining weapon in the disarmament negotiations. But it is fatuous to expect to do better by intensifying the factor which has already gotten us into trouble — the use of the U.N. as a sounding board in the hope that it will come down on our side. There is surely some significance in the fact that the two *ex parte* proposals which have been made on disarmament in the assembly at this writing are the Indian proposition to make the disarmament commission and subcommittee more "representative" of world opinion and the Japanese resolution to suspend testing very much on the lines of the Soviet position.

Similarly, on the Middle East, there is a good deal to be said for dumping that situation into the U.N's lap in a way which recognizes that the Soviet Union is going to have to be consulted in any settlement. That would be a proper use of the U.N. for conciliation, and it is still not beyond the realm of possibility that this is what Mr. Dulles really has in mind. If so, he is going to have to be forced into it because he has started off in just the opposite direction. His initial tactic, apparently, is to try to persuade the U.N. to pronounce some kind of declaration against subversion and indirect aggression (he is willing to have it addressed to all countries and not just the Soviet Union) and thereby plug the gaps in the Eisenhower Doctrine. Now, whatever one may think about this doctrine, it has manifestly tended to divide the countries of the Middle East and to accentuate the big-power struggle there, so if the neutralist rulers of the Assembly are asked to pronounce upon it, they are likely to frown rather than favor.

All this is obviously very tentative; it is intended as a description of the sense of the twelfth General Assembly, not a prediction of the votes. It is a signpost, not a road map. Our great difficulty, indeed, is that the U.N. is moving into an entirely new situation and no one can see very far ahead with any certainty.

The alarming thing is that Mr. Gromyko seems to have done his diplomatic homework, while Mr. Dulles has not. At the risk of oversimplification, one can say that the logical end-point of current trends is a U.N. in which American influence has been greatly diminished, and in which the votes on the great issues will go against the United States. It would seem to be elementary prudence for Mr. Dulles to take preventive action now, even though it may involve unpleasant compromises, rather than risk having to deal with the awesome problem of trying to keep the United States in an organization in which American interest can no longer be achieved.

U. S. IN LATIN AMERICA

POLICY of the SUCTION PUMP . . *by Betty Kirk*

Mexico, D. F.

THE FOREIGN economic policy announced by President Eisenhower in his first inaugural address was rooted firmly in the nineteenth century and revealed the full intent of his government to turn the clock back. Its application has resulted in the United States losing friends and alienating people around the globe, as nation after nation resists the effort to impose imperialism and colonial exploitation upon them again. Over-riding this resistance, the policy was reiterated at the second inaugural and remains the official party line. Both at home and abroad it is called Good Partnership.

President Eisenhower spelled out the program when he said that our foreign policy would recognize the importance of profitable and equitable world trade. To promote this, he advised, along with other measures, "doing whatever our Government properly can do to encourage the flow of private American investment abroad. This involves, as a serious and explicit purpose of our foreign policy, the encouragement of a hospitable climate for such investment in foreign nations."

In the same address the President spoke of "partnership" at home when he said, "The best natural-resource program for America will . . . involve a partnership of the States and local communities, private citizens and the Federal government." Like so many of the Eisenhower slogans, this "partnership" was kept purposely vague, but it was soon defined in action. In the bill drafted for development of the John Day power site on the Colombia River, the federal government and a private utility put up approximately equal shares to build the project. In the division of properties which followed, the government was left holding fish ladders, navigation locks and flood-control gates, all producing no income. But the private company re-

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ceived for half a century the electric energy that produces profit. "Partnership" was thus defined: It meant the use of public funds—the taxpayers' money—to develop natural resources, also belonging to the public, for gain by a private utility, for whose electricity the public must once again pay the bill. It is a "50-50" deal made up of half a rabbit and half a horse.

It is, of course, legitimate for the federal government to turn over the properties of its own citizens to private business, if that is what the citizens want. They make their decisions at the polls and if they want Eisenhower economics they vote for them. *But for the federal government of the United States to use public funds—the taxpayers' money—to foot the bill for overthrowing other governments, putting puppets at their head, and then changing their laws to deliver their natural resources and wealth into the hands of a few American private corporations, reflects no conceivable democratic process. It is simply economic imperialism on a world-wide scale.*

THIS IS the pattern we have pursued in Latin America since 1953. It is the reason that there, today, is a continent in flames—its economy corrupted, its governments undermined, its wealth rapidly being monopolized by "Yanqui Imperialists." Much of this has been accomplished under the guise of "anti-communism"—and during a time when the United States continued to prate piously against "colonialism" in other parts of the world.

"It is not communism that separates us, it is economic anarchy," Ezequiel Padilla charged almost three years ago. The Americas—Saxon and Latin—are pulling apart, warned Mexico's wartime foreign minister who, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the inter-American unity that followed Pearl Harbor. Neutralism would increase, Padilla forewarned, and today we find it spreading from Canada to Cape Horn. Neutralism reached its peak at the failure of the recent Buenos Aires Conference, just as the Soviet Union was announcing the successful launching of the first Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile.

The consequences of Mr. Eisenhower's reversal of foreign policy *vis-a-vis* the Americas were also clearly foreseen by a group of able men in Washington, many of them Republicans, who had helped to create the Good Neighbor Policy. That policy, in the belief of serious students, was the most enlightened we have ever practiced. Therefore, when challenged to abandon it and to subscribe to the false promises and premises of "partnership," they resigned.

The first to get out was John Moors Cabot, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. A year after Eisenhower took office, Cabot resigned to become Ambassador to Sweden, and did not return to the Latin American field for over three years. Cabot's resignation was followed by those of Dudley W. Figgis, regional director for Latin America of the Foreign Operations Administration, and of Merwin L. Bohan, economic adviser on Inter-American Affairs to the State Department. Nelson Rockefeller's resignation as special assistant to Eisenhower is attributed to disagreement over Latin American policy. And Henry Holland, after two years of trying to make "partnership" work, became the second to resign his post as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

The Good Neighbor Policy was defined by Franklin D. Roosevelt in another inaugural in 1933. "In the field of foreign policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the Good Neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and because he does so, respects the rights of others." Its purpose was "to wage peace in this hemisphere," Secretary of State Dean Acheson later explained. Its three principles were: (1) security of the nation and the hemisphere; (2) encouragement of democratic representative government (Mr. Acheson elaborated upon this point to say that it did not mean maintaining the *status quo*, but rather, "We oppose aggression; we do not oppose change. Indeed, we welcome and encourage change where it is in the direction of liberty and democracy."); and (3) positive economic cooperation to help attain the first two. Of the three points, the last was considered the most important.

One of Roosevelt's first acts was to withdraw the marines from a seven-year occupation of Nicaragua as a testimony of good faith. This meant that Dollar Diplomacy and the Big Stick ruled no more, that fair treatment and an end to exploitation would begin. Yet Latin American statesmen smiled courteously and refused to believe that any real change would take place. Talk of equal treatment was merely fine rhetoric, they thought, until the policy was proved in Mexico in 1938.

THE TEST CAME with Mexico's expropriation of foreign oil companies after a conflict lasting for twenty years. The immediate issue was refusal of the companies to obey Mexican law. The Mexican government then declared them "in rebellion" and their properties nationalized. Notes were exchanged between the two governments, but no gunboats were sent. The United States recognized Mexico's right to expropriate and Mexico acknowledged her obligation to pay. And though enormous pressure was brought to force a change, official Washington stood squarely behind the policy.

It was the absence of both marines and economic sanctions that brought conviction to the other nineteen republics that a new era had dawned. And when three years later a settlement was reached with Mexico not only of the oil dispute but of all problems outstanding since 1910, followed by a program of economic cooperation, a new faith was born even among the skeptics. "This marks a change in the foreign policy of the United States, not only toward Mexico but toward all of the countries of America," Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla declared upon signing the agreement.

The most dramatic use of the policy to correct previous mistakes and to wage future peace came after its signing. When the United States recognized the principle of nationalization, so long as payment was made, Mexico regained (1) her national

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Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

Eyedropper Economics

sovereignty, the right to require obedience by foreigners to her laws, and (2) her economic independence through control of her oil. In the subsequent provisions, a new basis for economic cooperation and a new role for the functioning of foreign capital abroad were defined. These provisions included: Mexico's payment of all outstanding claims for revolutionary damage and agrarian expropriations dating from the past; negotiation of a reciprocal trade agreement; stabilization of the peso through United States Treasury purchases of silver at a fixed rate, and the opening of credits to Mexico through the Export-Import Bank. On these terms, the mottled slate of the past was wiped clean for the first time in thirty years.

Even more important, for the first time in its history the Mexican government was to receive long-range economic assistance that would permit the long-delayed development and integration of her economy, her politics and her people. The loans made were inter-governmental, for long terms at low interest rates, and they were applied chiefly to public works, occasionally to pump-priming a needed industry, such as steel. But such public financing automatically created a widening field for genuine private enterprise and capital, since once a dam was built or a port improved, private business opened about it like a fan.

Another remarkable result of Good Neighbor economics was the education of the United States business community in Mexico. It is the largest colony we have abroad and, I venture to say, the most enlightened, for it learned well the lesson taught by the oil expropriation. This is that cooperation pays higher dividends than exploitation, for it permits both business and its clients to operate in peace. And it is unfortunate that the wisdom of these men is not used more often in Washington, for any one of them could instruct Secretaries Dulles and Anderson in the facts of foreign economics and trade.

ANOTHER fundamental aspect of the program for waging peace was that, regardless of how much pump-priming went on, no suggestion was made for maintaining the *status quo* or bending Mexican laws to conform to our own. At no point did Mexico limit her great program of social reform as a condition for our aid. Through twenty years of close harmony with the United States, she continued her aggression against feudalism on all fronts. Lands were divided and given to the peasants, credits and machinery provided to enable them to work it. Labor's rights and duties were constantly emphasized. The fight against illiteracy never ceased. Far indeed from stopping such reforms, technical-aid missions were sent from Washington to assist in the improvement of health, crops, the breeding of livestock, sanitation and diet. So successful were these missions operating in Mexico and other parts of Latin America that they became the models for the Point Four Program later launched by President Truman on a world-wide scale.

Our immediate rewards from this far-sighted diplomacy were military. By creating a strong ally, we insured protection of our Southern flank for the duration of World War II. The Mexicans not only defended their own land, they sent an air squadron to the Philippines. Of inestimable value was Mexico's blocking of Axis-promoted Fifth Column activities. From our loyal neighbor poured forth enormous quantities of strategic metals to feed our war machine. Yet at war's end Mexico firmly refused our offers of military

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assistance, including arms, because she had no use for them. Proud of having achieved civilian government, she wanted no return to militarism.

Our ultimate rewards were manifold. Political cooperation between the two governments increased and when the United Nations began to function in the post-war years, Mexico collaborated with us in the great task of building the first successful world organization. Economically, the rewards were equally gratifying, for exports to Mexico, which in the year of oil expropriation amounted to $62,000,000, had by 1956 increased to $840,000,000. As the result, on our part, of a mild but consistent pump-priming for a little more than a decade, and on her own part of a brilliant and unrelenting attack upon national problems, Mexico was converted into our biggest customer in Latin America, our third largest purchaser in the world.

THE CONTINENTAL significance of the Good Neighbor Policy, as stressed by Ezequiel Padilla, was quickly grasped by our sister republics, for the peace made with Mexico, and its radiant aftermath, were soon to be shared by all. And although Mexico remained the "show window," the whole of Latin America became its proving ground. There then followed the era of greatest harmony yet known between the Americas, North and South. When the Southern nations discovered that they were not only free to seek their own solutions to their own problems, but that they were even assisted in doing so, the foundations of permanent peace were laid for the first time in their turbulent lands.

The greatest tribute paid by the twenty Republics to the spirit of the policy came at Rio de Janeiro in the grim wartime spring of 1942, when they pledged a united front behind the United States for the duration. The majority of them had less reason than Mexico for this act of solidarity, for they were yet to feel the full benefits of the pump-priming plan. Nevertheless, they channeled their raw materials to our waiting ships and kept their ports and oil wells and mines free of Axis saboteurs. They sent their products, though they could not buy from us until victory was won. Thus it was not until 1946 that they could obtain, with their accumulated credits and the forthcoming loans, the great quantities of goods which they needed and for which they were not equipped to pay.

THE METHODS tested in Mexico of furnishing public loans, usually to the planning department of a government, were applied. To the funds of the Export-Import Bank were added those of the World Bank; yet between 1942 and 1953 the total sum of this credit was only $1,827,214,179. Even more important, *in Latin America there was no "Give-away."** Every single loan was made on solid business terms. "They hired the money," to use Cal Coolidge's phrase; they paid interest on it, and they are paying it back. Far from footing their bills at any point, the North American taxpayer was reaping from these loans legitimate profits and an expanding market for his goods. Contrast this sound business arrangement with the tens of billions given away elsewhere during the same period!

Nor was this modest sum the major factor in the rising tide of Latin American investment, for it represented but a small fraction of the total being spent by the nations themselves. The important contribution for this credit was in the *character* of the loans. Except in rare instances, they did not represent ownership capital, the buying up of industries and resources by our citizens in foreign lands. They were working dollars that went abroad, opened up trade and returned to home base. They earned interest, not dividends. They left the native sources of wealth in the hands of Brazil, or Peru, or Mexico—wherever they worked—but these native owners turned to us to buy our goods. As a result, our exports to Latin America rose from a half-billion dollars in 1938 to $3,851 million in 1956, and the Southern Republics had become our greatest trade area in the world.

On the political front, the terms "imperialism" and "colonialism" were being erased. By aiding countries to build their own industries, we were helping to release them from the bondage of producing only cheap raw materials and having to buy back expensive finished goods. The results of this enlightened policy were published in the 1953 report of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Latin America. Between the end of the war and 1953, it said, governments in a number of Latin American countries undertook vast programs of development and industrialization, with the result that the rate of investment was rising by 18 per cent annually. Industrial income rose by 6.5 per cent, production by 7.7 per cent, and per capita gross income by 4.2 per cent annually. The extraordinary expansion beginning in 1946 lasted through 1952, in spite of the fact that loans tapered off in the last years of the Truman regime. Their decrease was due to the Korean War, but compensation was found in greater exports of strategic materials at favorable prices.

IT IS FOR the above reasons that when in 1953 the Eisenhower regime challenged the Latin American republics to turn the clock back, many refused. The result has been the creation of the greatest division in the inter-American front in more than a quarter of a century. Yet holding to the faith that some day the Good Neighbor Policy will be revived—that it is a tool for the future, as well as for the past—a trio of the three most liberal governments has kept it alive. This trio—Mexico, Costa Rica and Uruguay—has continued to vote in hemispheric councils and at the United Nations in defense of Good Neighbor ideals. In so doing these nations oppose Dulles Diplomacy, which is supported in Latin America only by the dictator states.

The Good Neighbor Policy was revolutionary in the sense that it

*Although technical-aid contributions might appear to be gifts, they were for mutual protection and benefit and were always matched by counterpart funds. By 1956, in their fifteenth year, our contributions of $524,000,000 amounted to only 35 per cent of the total, the other 65 per cent coming from other American states.

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not only welcomed, but inspired, change. Good Partnership is counter-revolutionary in that it seeks a return to the *status quo ante* McKinley, an era in Latin America when public utilities, communications, mines and oil were owned by foreign interests, and profits made therefrom travelled to absentee landlords overseas. Governments were helpless to improve the chronic poverty of their peoples or to alter their economic destinies, for if a regime wanted to survive it had to accept this dependence. Any chief of state who challenged such conditions didn't stay in office very long. If his political ideas happened to interfere with our private property, there was always the Big Stick to be wielded by gunboats or marines. This was known as Dollar Diplomacy. Its modern version has two variations. Instead of sending marines, native mercenaries are hired; and modern industries have been added to the list of profitable enterprises over which the foreigners seek control. Today Dollar Diplomacy is called Good Partnership; and abroad, as at home, the Eisenhower government is using the taxpayer's money to pay the bill.

THE *PUTSCH* staged in Guatemala set the pattern which, with minor adaptations, has been followed since. Choosing the Arbenz government as its whipping boy, the Good Partners intervened with money, guns, mercenaries and planes flown by United States pilots, to oust Arbenz (*Time*, July 12, 1954). After first setting up a *junta*, they imposed Castillo Armas, a pitiful puppet who has since been slain by his own people. In so doing, we violated the non-intervention principle of the Organization of American States and undermined the authority of the U.N. Security Council by blocking an investigation of our coup. Mr. Dulles called the results "a glorious chapter in the great tradition of the American States," but Clement Attlee named it "plain aggression" in the British House of Commons.

This Soviet-type of subversion was propagandized as a victory over "communism." On the record, I have spent more than two decades in opposing, to the hilt, both communism and fascism, but I object when these labels are mis-applied to obscure the real facts and to mislead public opinion. The fact is that the Arbenz administration did have some Communist influence in it, but there were only four party members in the Congress, and none in the Cabinet. The reform program which both his and the preceding Arevalo governments had been carrying out was basically Social Democratic, and was modelled on the one Mexico had successfully applied to convert a feudal state into a modern one.

THE MISTAKE that Arbenz made was in ordering arms from behind the Iron Curtain. This act had two obvious implications. One was brash defiance of the "pro-Communist" smear campaign that Washington had been carrying on for months. The other was Washington's continued refusal to sell arms to Guatemala for self-defense, even though it was flanked on the South by the hostile powers of Honduras and Nicaragua (the latter armed to the teeth by the Pentagon). The arms shipment was seized upon as provocation for purging Arbenz and installing Colonel Armas. Accompanied by hysterical propaganda about the "threat of $10,000,000 worth of Communist arms" to the Panama Canal—almost 1,000 miles distant—the Eisenhower government succeeded in its "glorious" mission.

This "adventure" in Guatemala sharply exposed the shape of things to come, for hardly had poor Castillo Armas been placed upon the presidential chair before he changed the country's oil laws to suit his "partners." Abolishing the constitutional provision that 51 per cent of any company exploiting oil must be nationally owned, and that only refined products could be exported, his new Petroleum Code threw the industry wide open to foreign exploitation. Thus the real "crime" of Arbenz proved to be, not friendliness to communism, nor even unfriendliness to United Fruit, but in refusing to provide a more "hospitable climate" for United States investors. This "climate" has cost the North American taxpayer approximately $90,000,000 in loans, guns and subsidies within two years and has "liberated" the Guatemalan people back to an anti-labor, anti-agrarian, pro-foreign business era, such as existed under the Ubico dictatorship.

This record explains why there was a wave of protest against our Guatemalan intervention throughout Latin America. The other republics knew that the real stakes in Guatemala's "civil" war were control of the nation's oil reserves, because many of them were suffering the same kind of squeeze. In essence, the "partnership" policy was: Wherever a government had control of its oil, pressure was exerted to make it change its laws to favor foreign capital. Nations which yielded include Panama, Nicaragua, Bolivia, Cuba, Costa Rica and Castillo Armas' Guatemala, all of which have been rewarded with loans, arms, free advice and medals. To the three nations that dared to hold out—Argentina, Brazil and Mexico—a different treatment was applied.

THE METHOD used in areas where military intervention was not feasible was to apply the "starve-and-strangle" credit policy that had proved so successful in the United States. It was done by changing the operations of the Export-Import and World Banks and by creating a third agency, the International Finance Corporation, to strengthen the offensive. The objective was to break the control which other governments exert over their economies by blocking inter-governmental loans and throwing the enormous power and billions of dollars of credit represented by the international banks behind the expansion of free, private, foreign enterprise. This policy was clarified as recently as September 12, 1957, when retiring Director John B. Hollister of the International Cooperation Administration announced that even the I.C.A. would slash all grants for industrial or mining enterprises undertaken by other governments. Its objective was "to encourage private U.S. investors to go into newly developed countries." (*A.P.*, Washington). All of the funds of the Export-Import Bank and of

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the I.C.A. are provided by John Doe; a part of the funds of the World Bank and the I.F.C., both agencies of the United Nations, also come from his taxes, but it is neither John Doe nor Juan Fulano who will receive the profits therefrom.

This combination of public and private funds, mostly from the United States, is being used to buy up the resources and industries of other nations. And this squeeze play by the Eisenhower government against both friend and foe alike is euphemistically referred to in the U.S. press, not as economic imperialism, but as "foreign aid."

By changing the character of the loans, the Eisenhower government converted the pump-priming credit of the Good Neighbor years into an insatiable suction pump. The first change was made in the Export-Import Bank, which shut off development loans formerly made to governments for public works. From March, 1953, to date all Export-Import Bank loans made in Latin America have been limited to the purchase of United States goods, to financing private enterprises—almost wholly North American—or to subsidizing United States exports. Funds administered by the World Bank in Latin America have not only taken on the same character of underwriting our enterprise, but are being used or withheld to exert political pressure. This is brilliantly illuminated in the change of policy toward Brazil.

DURING the Good Neighbor years, Brazil was being built up as a model sister state, receiving more loans and technical aid than any other Latin American nation. Diplomatic relations between Brazil and the United States were the friendliest on the inter-American scene, and spokesmen for both nations contrasted this mutual regard to the strained relations both entertained for the Argentinian dictatorship. All of this changed in 1953. Unlike some sister states, Brazil would not change her oil laws, which require national ownership and management and forbid foreign investment in the industry. Not only has Brazil refused to change these laws, she has made them even stronger.

Since Brazil stubbornly resisted suggestions to change her own "climate," it was soon changed for her. Although she had previously received almost a half-billion dollars in development loans from the Export-Import and World Banks, this credit was suddenly switched off. Between 1953 and early 1957, she has not received a single *development* loan from the Export-Import Bank. She has received a $140,000,000-loan specifically earmarked for the purchase of United States goods, and

Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

"Don't kid me, young man, I want loans — not gifts."

$118,000,000 in agricultural surpluses, proceeds from which must be spent on our exports. She was given, in addition, a curious "loan" within a month after the Eisenhower inauguration. This "loan" of $300,000,000 was made to the *Banco do Brasil* to pay off debts, long in default, owed to U.S. creditors. By this maneuver, the United States government assumed responsibility for the bad credits of United States private interests and, in the words of a Mexican economist, this $300,000,000 "was not applied to develop the Brazilian economy but to improve the economy of a few fortunate banks and creditors in the United States."

Policies of the World Bank toward Brazil have been even more severe. Although between 1947 and 1953 this bank made to Brazil ten development loans totalling $194,000,000, without requiring her to change her constitution, not a single loan has been made since. In an article on the World Bank, President Eugene V. Black wrote in *Time* of June 25, 1956: "When a country gets off the beam, the World Bank is as touchy as any other banker. Currently the bank is on strained terms with both Brazil and Turkey." After reporting the earlier loans, *Time* adds, "All went well until 1953 when . . . the bank reluctantly decided to make no further loans until the economic climate cleared."

It was shortly after this that the price for Brazilian coffee began to drop and the country became hard-pressed for dollar exchange. This hit the United States export trade drastically, for whereas Brazil was once our biggest customer in South America, her imports from the United States dropped by 63.7 per cent between 1947 and 1955. Since then they have picked up a bit, as they are now heavily subsidized by the Export-Import Bank and the taxpayers of the United States.

A TOTALLY different policy was used for a brief time in Argentina where Juan Domingo Peron, our longtime foe, was converted into a friend. "There is probably no phase of United States policy toward Latin America that has aroused so much controversy as the openly and strongly pro-Peronist attitude of the State Department and the United States Embassy in Buenos Aires," Herbert Matthews reported to the *N.Y. Times* on April 9, 1955. Although a more friendly attitude toward Argentina had been started by Truman's Ambassador, Albert F. Nufer, in 1952, it was Dr. Milton Eisenhower who consolidated the conversion, Mr. Matthews reports:

> Vice President Alberto Teissaire said recently that the real turning point came with the visit of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, to Buenos Aires in the summer of 1953, and General Peron has also said as much.

It was from that date that a reversal occurred in the policy toward the dictator, who up to that time was named North America's Enemy

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No. 1 in this hemisphere. He began to receive loans and infusions of private North American capital to bolster his sagging economy, and in mid-April, 1955, he announced that he would de-nationalize Argentina's oil and throw it open to foreign exploitation. On June 12 he gave a contract to Standard Oil Company of California and when, four days later, some of its terms for extra-territorial privileges became known, the first revolt against Peron occurred. And even before the usual loans, medals and advice arrived, he was driven from the nation which he had held in the palm of his hand for almost a decade. The contract with Standard was never confirmed, the present Aramburu government firmly defends its nationalized oil, but it suffers unrelenting pressure to force a change, including pressure from Juan Domingo Peron.

WHEN Latin American statesmen at the recent Buenos Aires Economic Conference pleaded for a return to the Good Neighbor loans, they were sternly reminded by official Washington that "Uncle Sam is not Santa Claus." The spokesmen were correct. Uncle Sam today has returned to the role of Uncle Shylock. Ownership of other nations' wealth was converting the greatest creditor nation in the world from a capital exporter into a capital importer and profits made abroad were creating a bonanza in the United States. The triumph of this policy was greeted as early as October, 1955, in two articles in *Fortune*. The first stated:

> It is sometimes assumed that the U. S. is investing abroad far more than it gets in return. This, however, is not the case. In 1954 total private investment abroad went up by nearly $3 billion, but a large part of this came from an increase in short-term loans and in the amount and value of foreign securities held by Americans. The value of direct investment went up by about $1.4 billion, or considerably less than earnings. . . . The era of big government handouts is drawing to a close. The normal forces of Capitalism are taking over.

In the second article, *Fortune* reported:

> Not since the roaring Twenties has Wall Street been so concerned with opportunities abroad. The rise in short-term and medium credits represents the lending activity of big U. S. banks, which have been falling over themselves to make money available to the foreign borrower. . . . Another notable development has been the avidity of bankers to take up portions of loans initiated by the World Bank. By early autumn they had signed up for some $214 million of such loans. While this is still small compared with the World Bank's total portfolio of $2.4 billion, the trend toward such participation is steadily rising. This delights the heart of World Bank President Eugene Black and *represents a quiet revolution in its operations.* [Italics added].

Proudly the World Bank could announce at its annual board meeting in 1955 that in Latin America its investors actually withdrew a half-billion dollars more than they had invested the previous year. Most North American investments are in extractive industries like oil and mining, which contribute less to local prosperity than investments in manufacturing, it was pointed out.

BY 1956 the suction pump had increased its power, as noted by the Economic Commission for Latin America:

> The profits sent out of the country [Latin America] from foreign investments amounted in 1955 to $750 millions and continued exceeding by a large amount the entrance of long term foreign private capital.

This year the United States Department of Commerce reported 1956 as another "boom year" for North America. In 1956 our private foreign investments increased by $3.9 billions to a total of $33 billions; dividends of more than 10 per cent on same had paid profits of $3.4 billions into American pockets. The department estimated, moreover, that the 1957 increase would amount to $4.4 billions, swelling the totals to $37.4 billions, and a kitty for the suction pump of $3.7 billions.

The biggest share of the increased 1956 private investments poured into Latin America, where the profits are most rewarding. It amounted to $1.8 billions. The richness of the rewards was conveyed by another Department of Commerce survey, published in January, 1957. The total of United States private capital in the area is more than $9 billion; of this sum, $2.5 billion represent banking investments in securities, and $6.5 billion represent private enterprise. From this last sum, enough was earned in one year to pay $1 billion in wages and salaries, $1 billion in taxes, and still show a profit of $1,115 million. This profit was divided to reinvest $600 million in expansion and to pay United States stockholders 10 per cent dividends, amounting to $555 million.

But the Latin American side of the coin contrasted sharply; there was no bonanza for Americans in the South. Wages were down, farm production had slumped, export prices were lower and living costs up. Economic progress for the area as a whole, which is measured by gross product and gross income, had fallen until it barely kept pace with the population increase. Industrial output rose in 1956 by only 3 per cent, as compared with 6 per cent in 1955 and 7 per cent in 1954. Perhaps most important for the peace of the area, living standards were going down. The per capita income, which had risen by 4.2 per cent annually between 1946 and 1953, had fallen to 2 per cent by 1954, to 1 per cent in 1955, and by 1956 had sunk to .1 per cent.

The observation of *The Times*, London, made after the failure of the Buenos Aires Economic Conference, is appropriate. After stating that others shared with the Latin Americans their disillusion with the results, *The Times* commented:

> This rich area will continue being the land of opportunity, but, ironically, more for the foreigner than for the native.

IN CONCLUSION, the swiftest way to appraise the contrast between Democratic and Republican policy below the Rio Grande is to inspect the two countries to which each party pointed as a model. During the New and Fair Deals, Mexico was the "show window" of the Good Neighbor Policy. Under the current administration, Venezuela is praised as the "Cinderella" of Latin America.

Rarely has any nation, in Latin

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America or elsewhere, received official approval equal to that bestowed by the Eisenhower government upon Venezuela. President Eisenhower has decorated Venezuela's military dictator, General Marcos Perez Jimenez, with the Legion of Merit for his "sane economic policy." General Perez has decorated Dr. Milton Eisenhower with the Order of the Liberator. The dictator, in addition, made Arthur T. Proudfit a Knight Commander of the Order of the Liberator when he retired as president of Creole Petroleum Corporation, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. "Behind him, Oilman Proudfit left an organization that in thirty-three years had pumped $1 billion in investments into Venezuelan oil, in return had pumped out as much as $500,000,000 a year in black crude," *Time* reported on Nov. 22, 1954.

A SHORT time later *Fortune* could proudly report that "Creole is the brightest jewel in Jersey's crown," and quoted President H. W. Haight as saying, "We should have a modest growth. . . ." Upon which statement *Fortune* commented: "A modest growth in a company like Creole, already earning 33 per cent on sales and roughly the same on invested capital, should be enough to satisfy anyone." Since then, the dictator has shown that he knows how a Good Partner should continue to act by opening to foreign exploitation 200,000 acres of the national oil reserves.

It is not only in economics, however, that he cooperates. After the Guatemalan "civil" war, he sent Venezuelan experts to help re-write the nation's Petroleum Code. He was, appropriately, decorated by Castillo Armas. Today he gives genial hospitality to Juan Domingo Peron, who plots from Venezuela his return to power in Argentina. The unanswered question about Peron is: If he again became president in Argentina, would he again de-nationalize the oil and open it to foreign exploitation?

Contrasting with the fervent praise lavished upon General Perez by the Eisenhower officials, some voices of discontent are heard both inside and outside of Venezuela. Among groups which have found fault with life in Cinderella Land are: The American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations in the United States; the Canadian Labor Congress; the Inter-American Regional Organization of Labor, and the International Organization of Free Trades Unions. They have found fault because, under the dictatorship, all free trade unions, except one controlled by Communists, have been dissolved and in their place a government-dominated union organized. More recently Archbishop Rafael Arias, highest ranking prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in Venezuela, has added his voice to theirs. In a pastoral letter last May, he said:

> Continued political interference in Venezuelan union organization has turned it from its primary function and deceived our workers. We do not hesitate to exhort our workers to unite in freely organized unions.

But Archbishop Arias did not stop there. He further charged the dictatorship with "maldistribution" of the nation's petroleum prosperity, said unemployment was growing and wages were too low while profit on invested capital increased "unbelievably." Others than the prelate have protested the abolition of civil liberties, censorship of both press and mail, the driving of hundreds of patriots into exile, and living costs that are among the highest in the world.

Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

Congressman Porter: "And all in your shadow!"

It is against this background that elections will be held in Venezuela on December 15. During the last elections, General Perez was outvoted eight to one at the polls, but "won" the Presidency. In preparation for the forthcoming plebiscite, he has attempted to silence Archbishop Arias. His efforts failed and the Church remains firm in its opposition to him. Students and news men have not fared so well. When pamphlets demanding a free election appeared on the campus of Caracas' Central University, 100 students were arrested and an entire class in engineering suspended for a year; the campus has been encircled in a mesh fence, topped by barbed wire, and political police patrol its gates. Members of the press, meanwhile, have been threatened with imprisonment if they publish anything but official political reports.

Yet this Cinderella Land and its methods have been officially and publicly endorsed by Eisenhower's Secretary of State and his Secretary of the Treasury. In the spring of 1954, Secretary Dulles told members of the Organization of American States, meeting at Caracas, that if their nations wanted to do business with his government they should imitate Venezuela. In the fall of the same year, Secretary Humphrey emphatically repeated Dulles' advice to delegates attending the Inter-American Economic Conference at Rio de Janeiro!

Mexico also has Presidential elections coming up, in July, 1958. Mexico also has suffered the same kind of financial squeeze as was applied to Brazil. It is natural, therefore, that her people should be preoccupied with the future of United States foreign policy. This was expressed in varied greetings to the new Ambassador, Robert C. Hill, when he arrived, but the most graphic challenge came in a cartoon. It showed Josephus Daniels as the smiling representative of the Good Neighbor Policy and Henry Lane Wilson, clutching money bags, symbolizing Dollar Diplomacy. Ambassador Hill was shown walking between them, and the caption read: "Choose Your Path, Mr. Hill."

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Mr. JUSTICE ARTHUR KROCK . . *by David L. Weissman*

IT WAS FLAUBERT, I think, who said that there is the soul of a poet in every notary. Flaubert was, of course, exaggerating; he was thinking of the few poets, novelists and painters whose gifts enabled them to escape from the drudgery of the law to find fulfillment in art. But there is this much truth in Flaubert's saying: the lawyer without literature, as Sir Walter Scott put it, is a mere mechanic.

Something of the same can fairly be said about the journalist without law who ventures into that field. Most lawyers do not recognize their own cases from the reports of them in the press. The run of such reports can be depended upon for no more than the names of the parties, the court where the case was decided and the winner.

Mr. Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* is a journalist of a different species; there is the soul of a notary in this pundit. I do not know where Mr. Krock gets his law, but he certainly seems to have it. His writings, particularly since he gave up the burdens of heading the Washington bureau of the paper, deal increasingly with legal matters, and his knowledgeability in the field is impressive. He cites chapter and verse, and evinces a shrewd grasp of the issues involved. He really knows what he is about.

AS BEFITS one of his gravity and learning, Mr. Krock dwells almost exclusively on the highest jurisprudential level. To paraphrase Chief Justice Marshall slightly, it is the Constitution he keeps expounding, though from time to time he does descend to more earthly matters, such as, for example, his discovery that the Justice Department was trying to sneak over Title III of the Administration's Civil Rights Bill on the President and the Senate, a really remarkable discovery in the light of the fact that the bill had previously been widely publicized and thoroughly examined in the House. It would be pleasing, if the space and time were available, to make a detailed survey of Mr. Krock's legal writings, something in the manner of what has been done with the opinions of Holmes, Brandeis and others, to discover the mind and faith that have produced them. But, perhaps, such a detailed survey is not necessary, for Mr. Krock has recently (September 10 and 12) contributed two columns to his paper which are sufficiently revealing.

THESE TWO columns dealt with the constitutional issue raised by Governor Faubus' calling out of the Arkansas National Guard. Since the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, the Governor acknowledged that the desegregation order made under it, pursuant to the ruling of the Supreme Court, is paramount to the laws or wishes of Arkansas and must be obeyed. He denied that in calling out the National Guard he intended to frustrate the order or that he was opposing integration. He claimed that he was acting to safeguard public security which was, he said, threatened by the proposed integration. Now this could be true or a mere dodge, a maneuver for evading federal supremacy; and if the latter, and it were allowed to prevail, it would render meaningless the constitutional guaranty of equality in education. The heart of the legal matter is, therefore, whether the Governor seized on a pretext to nullify the Constitution. Though the facts of the situation are new, the ruling principles have long been established by the Supreme Court.

In *Sterling v. Constantin*, 287 U.S. 378, decided in 1932, the Governor of Texas, declaring that a state of insurrection, tumult, riot and breach of the peace existed, called out the National Guard to enforce a limitation of the production of oil which the Federal court had declared unconstitutional. Governor Sterling insisted that he was not acting to limit the production of oil, but because he believed "from reports brought to" him that unless he limited production, a state of war would ensue. The lower court found no warrant in the evidence for the declaration or the belief, and issued an injunction restraining the Governor and the officers of the National Guard from enforcing any restrictions of oil production. The Supreme Court affirmed and, speaking through Chief Justice Hughes, wrote:

> If this extreme position [that the Governor's declaration had "the quality of a supreme and unchallengeable edict"] could be deemed to be well taken, it is manifest that the fiat of a state Governor, and not the Constitution of the United States, would be the supreme law of the land; that the restrictions of the Federal Constitution upon the exercise of state power would be but impotent phrases, the futility of which the state may at any time disclose by the simple process of transferring powers of legislation to the Governor to be exercised by him, beyond control, upon his assertion of necessity. Under our system of government such a conclusion is obviously untenable. There is no such avenue of escape from the paramount authority of the Federal Constitution. . . .
>
> In the present case, the findings of fact made by the District Court are fully supported by the evidence. They leave no room for doubt that there was no military necessity which, from any point of view, could be taken to justify the action of the Governor in attempting to limit complainants' oil production otherwise lawful. . . .

The applicability of these principles to the *Faubus* case is apparent. In a column which appeared on September 12, Mr. Krock stated that he had read this case before his first column on the subject appeared two days earlier. But he did not cite or refer to it in that first column. Instead, he cited, discussed and quoted from a case decided in 1909, some twenty-three years before the *Sterling* case (*Moyer v. Peabody*, 212 U.S. 78). In that case the president of a miners' union sued the former Governor of Colorado and officers of its National Guard for having detained him by military order as a leader of

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an outbreak in a county which the Governor had declared to be in a state of insurrection. An actual insurrection was accepted as a fact by the court, and the opinion discloses no challenge to the *bona fides* of its existence. The Supreme Court, speaking through Justice Holmes, said that so long as such arrests are made in good faith and in the honest belief that they are needed "to head the insurrection off," the Governor is the final judge and cannot be sued on the ground that he had no reasonable basis for his belief. Speaking of the language in Justice Holmes's opinion, which could be taken to mean that the Governor's belief that an insurrection actually existed was beyond challenge, Chief Justice Hughes remarked in the later *Sterling* case:

> In that case it appeared that the action of the Governor had direct relation to the subduing of the insurrection by the temporary detention of one believed to be a participant, and the general language of the opinion must be taken in connection with the point actually decided.

Yet, it was around the earlier case, involving a situation basically different from the later *Sterling* and *Faubus* cases, that Mr. Krock built his defense of Faubus' position.

IT WAS inevitable that someone would call to the attention of the *Times* readers that Mr. Krock was riding the wrong horse in the wrong direction. In fact, on the same day that his first column appeared on September 10, Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, dispatched a letter to the *Times,* stating that "Mr. Krock's legal advisers completely overlook the later case of *Sterling v. Constantin*" and quoting substantially the three excerpts from Chief Justice Hughes's opinion given above. In his second column, on September 12, Mr. Krock set out a portion of Mr. Marshall's letter, adding that it contained three extracts from the *Sterling* opinion without quoting them; stated that he had read the full text of the Hughes opinion days before the N.A.A.C.P. counsel made

his comment and, therefore, had not overlooked it when he wrote his first column; insisted that "in this instance" he was his own legal adviser; and undertook to show that somehow the earlier case was still applicable. The *Times* published Mr. Marshall's letter in its entirety, including the extracts from the *Sterling* opinion, on September 13—after Mr. Krock had taken the opportunity to explain his failure even to mention the later case.

Mr. Krock's explanation is a fascinating performance, but I am afraid that a detailed examination of it would be too boring to the reader. One of his points, however, bears so directly on Mr. Krock's legal scholarship that the reader will, I hope, indulge my saying a few words about it. Contrasting the situation involved in the *Sterling* case (restricting the amount of oil to be taken from the wells) and the *Faubus* case (preventing Negro children from entering integrated schools), Mr. Krock says, "Incidentally, the 'individual rights' involved in that case, unlike the 'right' to attend unsegregated schools, are stated explicitly in the Constitution." Actually, both situations fall within the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, the first under that portion which guarantees that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law," and the second under that portion which guarantees that no state shall "deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." The Amendment contains no explicit reference to the right of an owner of oil-lands to exploit them free from restrictions any more than it does to the right of Negroes to attend unsegregated schools. But even suppose the first were explicitly mentioned and the second the result of the Supreme Court's interpretation of a general clause, does not Mr. Krock know that both rights would nevertheless have the same high constitutional standing? Mr. Krock's point reminds me of the ancient gag about the hard-pressed lawyer who attempted to distinguish his case from the authority cited by his opponent on the ground that in his case the trespass was committed by a cow, while in the authority cited the trespass was by a horse.

THERE IS the story of the defeated candidate for a judgeship in a Southern county whom his successful opponent always greeted as "Judge" during the ten-year term of the election. When they met on the morning after the ten-year period, the defeated candidate was surprised to find himself addressed as "Mr." and asked the reason for the shift in the form of salutation. "Ah, my dear Sir," replied the other, "are you not aware that today your term would have expired?" I'm afraid that those two columns have put too great a strain on the courtesy of Judge Krock's legal following. So far as I'm concerned, the jurisprudential career of the *Times'* elder statesman is at an end; I do not intend to allow myself to be instructed or amused or exasperated by him in the future.

Good-bye, *Mr.* Krock.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Fiction in the Magazines

Webster Schott

FEW EDITORS these days will write to a relatively unknown writer, as H. L. Mencken did to James Joyce in 1915, asking for the fiction "other editors balk at." And they are growing fewer. They themselves may soon be a suitable topic for fiction.

Since 1952, *New-Story*, *Merlin* and *Points*, all published in English in Paris, have ceased publication. *Story*, *American Vanguard*, *Cross Section* struggled with postwar fiction but failed to find an audience.

Discovery, Simon & Schuster's (Pocket Books) eager paper-back, arrived in 1953 to "at last fulfill the terms of the American writer's perennial vision of a magazine: large audience, fair pay, and the freedom to write as he pleases." Edited at first by the novelist Vance Bourjaily and the critic John W. Aldridge, later by Mr. Bourjaily alone, *Discovery* lasted six issues. A "change of concept" had befallen *Discovery*, said Mr. Bourjaily. Freeman Lewis, executive vice-president of Pocket Books, implied the concept was quite stable. "The venture was dropped because it was unprofitable."

Doubleday first tested the paper-back audience for quality short fiction about five years ago with *New Voices: American Writing Today*. Recently Doubleday published two volumes of *The Anchor Review*, but its only fiction has been an expurgated version of Nabokov's novel *Lolita*. And apparently the fate of the magazine itself is in doubt.

The fatalities continue. *Perspectives*, the Ford Foundation quarterly, designed to prove American literacy to intellectuals abroad, discontinued publication earlier this year. This summer *Zero*, the magazine (later a hard-cover book) which Themistocles Hoetis published first in Paris, then Tangier, and finally New York, was suspended.

In many cases these failures or near-failures were publishing the same writers and the same kinds of fiction that the survivors are publishing now. I know of none that discontinued from lack of material. Young editors could no longer afford to spend annuities without return. Big publishers would not continue to risk capital in losing or break-even ventures.

POSSIBLY the loss of *Discovery*, *Story* and *New-Story*, three of the magazines which published Terry Southern, Herbert Gold and Samuel Elkin early in their careers, would not be so severe if American magazines of quality were not turning farther away from new fiction.

The Dial and *The Little Review* had run their course by 1930. But in the late 1920's *The Atlantic*, *Harper's* and *The Smart Set* were publishing three or four stories an issue from writers of the stature of Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Bernard DeVoto and Conrad Aiken. *The Atlantic* and *Harper's* are still hospitable to new fiction. But they prefer safe new writers, and together they publish less than half the amount of fiction they did thirty years ago.

A few years back both *Mademoiselle* and *Harper's Bazaar* were making interesting discoveries: Carson McCullers, Doris Betts, Truman Capote. And the *New Yorker* in the recent past has pushed forward several new writers: J. D. Salinger, Shirley Ann Grau, J. F. Powers and Shirley Jackson.

The slicks are carried along in the tide, but the main currents of the new fiction are felt in the quarterlies, many of them published by or at universities, and in a small number of publications in the United States and Europe which survive on subsidies or as marginal adjuncts to larger publishing operations.

By these I mean the New American Library's *New World Writing*, *The Paris Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *Chicago Review*, *Perspective* (St. Louis), *The Hudson Review* and the *New Directions* anthologies. *New World Writing*, only mass-circulation publication in the group (150,000) has probably published more significant new American writers in its twelve issues since 1952 than any magazine after *Story*.

Perhaps one should include *Accent*, *The New Mexico Quarterly*, the Grove Press's new *Evergreen Review* and John Lehmann's *London Magazine*, although they are not publishing as many new writers or as many stories as the others. *The Sewanee Review*, *Kenyon Review* and *Partisan Review* seldom publish new writers; they adhere to a stylistic and philosophic orthodoxy confirmed by the New Criticism which tends to keep non-believers out. Their canonized inflexibility, by the way, suggests the danger awaiting American short fiction should it become the property of the academies.

WHO ARE the new writers? What are they saying? What distinguishes their work?

They are writers like Gina Berriault, Evan S. Connell, Pati Hill, Walter Ballenger, Jack Kerouac, James Purdy, M. M. Liberman, Daniel Curley, Shirley Ann Grau, Marvin Schiller, James Moffett, Alfred Chester, Daphne Athas, Robert Gerety, Clay Putnam, M. R. Kadish, Peter Matthiessen, Jack Matthews, Donald Winks, Robert Kreiger, William Fain, Ben Morreale, Eugene Walter, Leonard Uhr.

And they are the somewhat older or more widely published writers like Harvey Swados, Herbert Gold, Terry Southern and R. V. Cassill.

After reading seventy or eighty of these writers' stories consecutively you become wary of the generalizations used to describe their work. Terms like "The Silent Generation," "The Beat Generation," "Literature

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WEBSTER SCHOTT reviews regularly for the Kansas City Star, *St. Louis* Post-Dispatch, *Louisville* Courier-Journal *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

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of Disaffiliation," or "Revolt Against Revolt" are not inclusive enough to be representative. The image of an avant garde, committed to leadership toward one or more goal or system, with a schematic plan for achieving these objectives, is as useless today as is the proposition that literature occurs by generations. Neither of them demonstrates.

In several ways the newest fiction seems peculiarly out of touch with the major concerns of the day. The young writers discuss the terrifying possibility of atomic extinction in their correspondence. But it does not figure overtly in their work. Political conformity, mass culture, suburban provincialism, middle-class competition for status are not factors in their stories. Few of the new writers seem to have heard of or read C. Wright Mills or David Riesman. The humanizing elements of humor, comedy and satire are seldom found. And when they do occur, as in Alan Harrington's Dale Carnegie-type satire "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto" (which also became a novel), these qualities are vaguely impressionistic.

In other respects the serious new fiction does reflect the society from which it comes. New writers like Owen Dodson, Frank London Brown and Ellsworth Chunn examine the ethnic ties binding American Negroes together and the explosions which occur as white society assimilates fragments of Negro culture while barring the race from social amalgamation. Many of the writers—Richard Clay in "Maria Gardner," Evan Connell in "Arcturus," Herbert Gold in "Paris and Cleveland Are Voyages," Daniel Curley in "That Marriage Bed of Procrustes," James Purdy in "Don't Call Me By My Right Name"—explore the pathology of matrimony. Many of them have made soundings in the phenomenon of religious revivalism, which they view with real hostility.

Some of the new writing is strongly socially oriented. Harvey Swados' "Herman's Day" and his more recent "Joe, the Vanishing American," a study of the grinding monotony and the impersonal brutality of the assembly line, show a high awareness of what capitalism and industrialization mean in human experience.

The stories by the writers whom Kenneth Rexroth calls the Beat Generation are socially negative, but the evidence is everywhere that they do characterize a segment of modern society. Jack Kerouac's hopheads and Michael Rumaker's derelicts race from kick to kick. They devour experience. A few steps up from the underworld, these hedonists reject prevailing intellectual and commercialized-culture standards with a howl and a marijuana smoke ring. They respond unsystematically—all or nothing at all. Remotely they bear a resemblance to the Hemingway hero at odds with the system. But they recognize no challenge the system can provide. They had no illusions to lose. Individually these heroes are incapable of tragedy, but together their romantic total social rejection seems to predict tragedy. Rejection is all they have. And a story like Walter Ballenger's recent "When The Saints Go Marching In," written in the new jazz argot, shows how essential a prop rejection is to the force of this kind of fiction. It cannot be turned to affirmation.

IT IS demonstrably risky to deal in absolutes when considering the unsettled work of new writers, but the historical line of loneliness, isolation and acute personalness that has been running through American fiction since the mid-Nineteenth century does seem to have widened and lengthened in the new writing. Physically, the new writers have frequently retreated to what the British call our "outposts of observation"—the circus, the university, North Africa, Paris, a mountain shack, a bar in Chicago or San Francisco. Spiritually, they have often retreated into their own private experiences, finding narrow meanings there but few relevant to broader issues. The typical hero (in James Leo Herlihy's "A Summer for the Dead")

> . . . automatically withdrew . . . from any relationship not directly involved with earning his livelihood. And he nurtured this isolation with the loving care of a mother for a child, for within it he was at peace.

Much of the new fiction is laid abroad, and occasionally a story like Ben Morreale's "Hate" conveys a wider understanding of cultural forces operating in a foreign environment. But more often the sounds and smells of Spain or India or Mexico are used to intensify the feeling of isolation and to further restrict communication.

What an incident—the shooting of a turtle, the wearing of an ill-fitting blue serge suit, the near-drowning in a lake, the surrender in a bordello, the drawing of chalk figures on a sidewalk—may actually mean to a character appears only obliquely. But there is never any doubt that it heightens his self-awareness, and to achieve this effect it appears necessary for many of the new writers to deal in the bizarre, the mysterious, the surrealistic. When they do attempt a larger concern, as Peter Matthiessen does in "A Replacement" and as Richard Yates does in his labor story "A Wrestler With Sharks," they trail off inconclusively into a limbo of fantasy.

THIS constriction of view in the new writers seems to be accompanied by an expansion in technique. New writers like Evan S. Connell, Marvin Schiller and Terry Southern are unusually versatile. Pati Hill in her new novel *The Nine-Mile Circle* immerses her characters in immediacy. She is a direct, untutored descendant of Joyce and Faulkner. Because of the complexity of their characters and their interest in psychology, the newer writers demand more of English and are more imaginative and inventive in its use than their predeces-

A White Spiritual

It was not an afterthought:
This is what the teacher said.
Everything we did was taught,
We knew black and white and red,
And we went where we were led.

Take it easy for a spell;
We can all go back to bed;
Let the niggers die in hell:
This is what the statesman said,
This is what the students read.

Alligators in a drouth—
Nothing much to see instead;
Children beaten on the mouth,
Preachers beaten on the head.
This is why the South is dead.

YVOR WINTERS

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sors. They are experimenters with language if not with ideas.

In our culture in our time one of the surest defenses against overwhelming external pressures for the sensitive and searching young artist may be to turn inward to find the qualities of individuality. But the writers we read in *Perspective, The Paris Review, New World Writing, Chicago Review* and the others are headed for private repetition unless they discover themes with wider possibilities. The writers who last will probably be those who, like Harvey Swados and Herbert Gold, find ways of privately viewing a broader field of human activity. As Mr. Gold wrote to the editors of *Story* five years ago, "Any activity which pays off so little in cash should at least have the virtues of a commitment to events and words . . . to the recognition that life on earth isn't very nice and never was, but it's all we have, and besides, it's got kicks if we know how to get them."

Sweating Out a Birthright

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Edited by John C. Thirlwall. McDowell, Obolensky. 347 pp. $5.

Katherine Hoskins

I HAVE never read the formal autobiography of William Carlos Williams, and I doubt now that I ever shall. For this volume of letters builds to a spiritual autobiography of such high stature and integrated structure as to make any other seem irrelevant. With no wisdom of hindsight, no moralizing on the event, these letters present a life while it was being lived, informed by the knowledges and ignorances of the moment. It is as if during all those years Dr. Williams had been composing a masterpiece with his left hand, in counterpoint as it were to his official occupations. He tossed out the chapters at large and with no guarantee that they would ever be assembled. Yet, like the mysterious swallows, here they are back at their birthplace. And though many and beautiful ones are no doubt missing, like the swallows, it is the aggregate that counts. The meaning is in the assembly.

They are not letters to be picked up at random and savored for a bit of gossip here, an aphorism there. They should be begun at the beginning and read through to the end. In that way the reader may have the extraordinary experience of watching a life build, stone after difficult stone, to nobility.

The drama is made the more accessible to us by a remarkable job of editing on the part of John C. Thirlwall. The stages of the doctor's life as man are presented in blocks of related letters—from college to his mother and brother, then to his young wife, then to his sons, first at school, later in the armed forces. And through these, from start to finish, thread letters to his friends and acquaintances, most of them fellow writers and editors. Sometimes a name will appear but once, others weave in and out of the whole life, as to Marianne Moore, to Kenneth Burke, and the involutions of a friendship are adumbrated. In a letter to his mother in 1904, he mentions his new friend Ezra Pound and adds a brief characterization of him that stands up wonderfully through the years. Throughout there are letters to Pound, mention is made of him and the last letter in the book is to him.

THE RECURRENCE of Pound acts like a fictional device to point up the intense Americanism of the Williams story. Whatever may be the truth of our presidents, the American artist has, until very lately, been born and reared in a cultural log cabin. He has been self-made and has missed few of the advantages and disadvantages the phrase connotes. He has been, he has had to be, lonely, cantankerous, obstinate. He has had to waste motion and to direct and tutor his originality with very little aid from the outside. And he has had to earn his living in the market place. It is a tough proposition. But those who have evaded or escaped it have seemed doomed to expatriation and that has often proved in the end to be even tougher.

Clearly, Dr. Williams never regretted this American fate of his, though he often regretted its barrenness, wished like any artist that he could enjoy, just for a little, green lawns and noble friends and a life ordered to his high-

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KATHERINE HOSKINS has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her volume of poetry, Villa Narcisse.

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est capabilities. He "embraced his lion" and if his insistence on Americanism was folly, he at least pursued it to where he joins the classical line of men of action plus letters, of Chaucer, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Stendhal, Flaubert. Though it takes the extremes of the new country and the new era to demand that a man deliver two thousand babies in addition to being a poet. Surely, none of the old masters was quite so driven. Still, as one considers this line, the career of pure man of letters looks new and decadent when it doesn't look hieratic and hermetic. And it is hard for an American to remember that the priest and decadent are also invaluable to our poetic economy. In 1932, Williams wrote, "Let us once and for all understand that Eliot is finally and definitely dead —and his troop along with him." Twenty years later, he writes, "I'm glad you recognized my affection for Pound and saw what I intended to make known of him. He too was an orchid in my forest, he had no interest, really, for my trees, no more than did Eliot. They both belonged to an alien world, a world perhaps more elevated than mine, more removed from my rigors. I have always felt as if I were sweating it out somewhere low, among the reptiles, hidden in the underbrush, hearing the monkeys overhead. Their defeats were my defeats, I belonged to them more than to a more mobile world. . . .

"Eliot could have saved me many years . . . had he been willing to remain here and put his weight behind the working of the thing out. [i.e. a new poetic line] Pound helped at the beginning and has, it must be said, not weakened. Both Pound and Eliot. . . . are top men in the craft. But I must go beyond that."

Lost though he may have seemed in the underbrush, Dr. Williams emerges triumphant, having done what he set out to do. He gave the local an airy habitation and a name; and, for his own needs at least, arrived at a new and satisfactory metric. These are immense achievements. And one must add to them such humane virtues as the courage with which he sustained his many, many years of insuccess, years when often even his colleagues scorned him; his unfailing kindness to young poets; his sensitivity to work for which he had little temperamental sympathy. Perhaps his great strength shows best in his ability to meet and incorporate change. For years he berated the "academies"; lately he writes, "we are ignorant, we British ex-colonials" and suggests that a generation of formal schooling in poetry may not hurt us after all. Change is for him an enriching, an including, rather than a shift from one attitude to another. And so he can write wisely, as in 1951 to Marianne Moore: "It is inevitable that, in the end, individuals, brothers though they be and closely allied as they have lived, will finally arrive at the place where their separate individualities are revealed and they will find themselves strangers. That will be the moment when their love and their faith is most tested. Let it be so with us."

When one sees how an American can "make himself" on all sides and on his own terms, one is likely to be seduced into crying, Viva the log cabin. But I think that what one really means is, Viva William Carlos Williams.

LETTER from DUBLIN

Thomas Parkinson

DUBLIN in late summer is crowded with the products of a new Irish industry: tourism. Beginning with the August Bank Holiday and continuing through Horse-Show Week on to the middle of September, the crowds on Grafton and O'Connell Streets are swelled by visitors, mainly from the United States and England, and as the hotel rates go up, the size and splendor of the automobiles outside the Shelbourne and the Russell increase. The weather remains intermittent: rain, sun, overcast. But sometimes for an entire day the sun is beneficent, and in the evening the city basks in indolent calm. The Liffey glitters in the late light, the back streets ring with the voices of young men loitering in doorways, the Pro-Cathedral is crowded with deeply pious men and women for evening benediction. The brief period of its glory quite forgotten, the old Parliament Building stands with its blind niches opening out on the swirl of traffic past

THOMAS PARKINSON is professor of English at the University of California (Berkeley) and the author of W. B. Yeats, Self Critic. He is spending the next year in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship.

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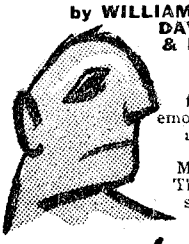

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Trinity College, and over the flowing crowds on O'Connell Street, the monuments to O'Connell, Parnell, and the other cheated dead are set in dusky relief. The violence in the North, capped by the curfew imposed on Newry after the post office, the canal locks and the office of the electrical company had been destroyed by bombs, the bigotry of North and South, evident in the boycott at Fethard-on-Sea—all these seem remote. In this soft light the visual loveliness of Dublin is clearest, and one searches his memory for a city—Bordeaux?—that can equal this sombre eighteenth century dignity.

Dublin seems numbed by the nightmare of its own history. A few hundred feet from the fashionable squares, one is approached by one amiable beggar after another, children, able-bodied men, entire families often including an unborn child, asking for a penny or sixpence, and the women often adducing their ten children as warrant. The sale of contraceptives is forbidden by law, and they must be smuggled—along with copies of *Ulysses* and *Lucky Jim*—from England. Irish farm families often contain as many as twelve children; only one can inherit the land, perhaps another can enter the priesthood, and the remainder must live on, single and purposeless, on the farm or go to Dublin where thirty per cent of Eire's population now lives. There they find unemployment, or with good luck they find a job paying half what an equivalent job in the United Kingdom would pay. Some make out in Dublin, but many drift on to Liverpool or Glasgow, or to Australia and Canada; about 40,000 a year emigrate, most of them young and able-bodied.

SOUTHERN Ireland—and Northern Ireland no less—is an economic void. Frequent conferences are held on the economic problems of Eire, but the experts are reduced to statements favoring higher morale and greater efficiency. Without raw materials, Eire cannot industrialize on any significant scale, and as long as British agriculture is ridiculously subsidized, Eire will not get a proper price for its agricultural products.

Eire is not getting the most out of its possibilities. For example, the Waterford glass industry is at present being revived, but the designs are stolid and unimaginative. A good industrial designer could make Waterford glass a delight to live with and a commodity in high demand in the United States, but it is hard to venture capital on new designs when one's immediate market is small and diminishing. The same argument applies to the invincible ugliness of the tweed used in furniture in Eire. Irish tweed is one of the finest clothing stuffs in the world, and it seems to have improved in texture and color since my last visit to Eire, but the one store featuring any attempt to adapt Irish tweed to contemporary furniture displays a model room of furnishings that is most charitably described as uninhabitable. Yet, with the specures of unemployment and emigration constantly present, the Irish may be forgiven if they do not act with the perfective energy one finds in West Germany or the United States. There is plenty of energy in the country, but most of it goes into talk, writing and political violence.

Along O'Connell Street or outside Croke Park on a Sunday, one will see dozens of young men selling the *United Irishman*, the organ of Sinn Fein (a legal political party) or the Irish Republican Army (an illegal military organization). The I.R.A. has since last winter carried on extensive terrorism in Ulster. In spite of repression by the police and by units of the British Army, power stations are still bombed, barracks gunned, barges blown up, post offices burned, booby traps set for the Royal Ulster Constabulary. At Newry, a border town that is about ninety-five per cent Nationalist in persuasion, a curfew was imposed after a particularly bold raid that destroyed a power station, a post office and a set of locks. The office of the Newry police is protected by awesome barbed wire and is heavily sand-bagged, and although the destruction of the locks ruined thoroughly the already depressed trade of the town, the population seems generally much more annoyed with the government than with the rebels.

Although partition is a political issue clouded by nationalist piety, the activities of the I.R.A, have reached such a pitch that De Valera, much against his own natural impulse, has jailed some two hundred members. He is probably the only political figure in Eire who could survive such an action, and it is a great testimony to his courage. Almost daily, some act of violence is reported. Meanwhile, Sinn Fein enters more elections, and one is struck by the fact that the people taking up collections for the political prisoners and selling the *United Irishman* are quite young: Sinn Fein may be an anachronism, but it is not a movement limited to a handful of unregenerate nationalists.

Neither Catholic nor Presbyterian in Ireland has ever been notable for spirit-

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ual generosity, and the problem has been intensified by economic interests. At Newry and elsewhere in North Ireland I was constantly told that the Catholic is the first to be let go by a Protestant company in time of stress, and one Catholic lawyer said without bitterness or self-pity that he did very little corporation work because he was born into the wrong religion. Protestants point to the same tendency in Catholics and use as example Fethard-on-Sea.

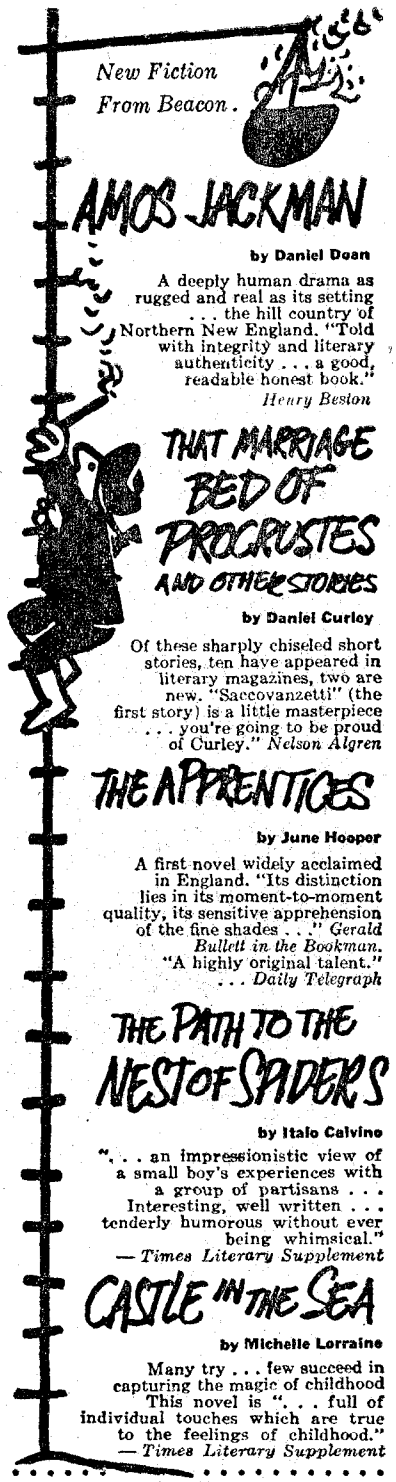
Mrs. Sheila Cloney (a Protestant) disappeared from Fethard with her two children and sent from Belfast a set of demands upon her Catholic husband. She asked that he sell his farm, go to Canada or Australia with her and the children, agree to their being brought up as Protestants and consider changing his own religion. When this became known in the village, the parish priest suggested that Captain Boycott had known how to deal with such problems, and the two Protestant shopkeepers found their trade disappearing. The roar over the boycott has been heard in Ireland for months, and even a public apology by the father of Sheila Cloney has not settled the rage. Behind the scenes elaborate negotiations were undertaken, as if the two religious establishments were states at war rather than institutions primarily concerned with sin and grace.

IN Fethard and in Newry, the bigotry and folly of contemporary Ireland are plain, and even the most casual observer must be struck by the poverty and economic stagnation. What saves Irish life is the quality of private conduct. Whatever the conditions of national life, the individual Irish remain gentle, kind and generous beyond any need. In the face of adversity they maintain a formidable adaptability and persistence, and though—as they often ruefully say— their chief export is brains, the young writers are energetic, alert, responsive and intelligent. The *Irish Times* is one of the better newspapers in the English language, and every Saturday it publishes a page of reviews and one feature poem. *Irish Writing* tries to come out quarterly and keep up with the latest productions of Irish writers. *Threshold,* published quarterly in Belfast, represents *belles lettres* in the north, but beyond these publications and *The Dublin Magazine,* the young writer looks to England or the United States. The liveliest academic publication is *Studies,* where Dennis Donoghue and Donald Davie publish essays that would not seem out of place in *Kenyon* or *Hudson.* Davie's presence in Dublin provided the city with what is probably the best young critical voice in the British Isles, but Davie has left Dublin for a year in the United States to be followed by a permanent appointment at Cambridge. A fine poet as well as a distinguished critic, he represented the voice of the current English "movement" (Kingsley Amis, Philip Larkin, John Wain, Charles Tomlinson, *et al*) and so acted as a point of reference and argument.

His departure is unfortunate, for outside of Dennis Donoghue—who writes criticism only—he was one of the few voices that could speak with conviction on the international scene. The best Irish writers have also been the most European, and one of the chief dangers of Irish letters has been parochialism encouraged by the interest in the Gaelic language. The two best older Irish poets are Patrick Kavanagh and Austin Clarke, and neither of them has escaped the blight of limitation imposed by the insularity of the country. Clarke is an extremely talented poet, and through the *Irish Times* and Radio Aireann he has exercised influence on thought about poetry in Ireland. Both he and Kavanagh are very anti-modern in attitude, and though they both write with an unflinching independence from fad, Clarke's preoccupation with Gaelic techniques and Kavanagh's consistently anti-literary pose have combined to block serious consideration in Ireland of all the major experiments of the twentieth century. I do not mean that the two men alone had that effect, but their attitudes are symptomatic.

The most recent anthology of Irish poetry (1948) included the work of thirty-seven poets, and one made now would probably include about the same number. It would not be a very imposing book, partly because of the general fuzziness of the writing. Generally speaking, the technical level is low, the shadow of past glories darkening effort, and the lack of any real attention to possibilities revealed in other literatures keeping the verse from any adequate achievement.

IRISH fiction, on the other hand, is often very good. The older fiction writers are already well known in the United States—Elizabeth Bowen, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor. In his compendious survey of the contemporary Irish novel (1950), Benedict Kiely listed some sixty Irish novelists. Among the younger writers of fiction, Kiely himself is perhaps the most distinguished, and he is certainly the most vocal. He is an Ulsterman, and his works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center on small town life in Tyrone. He writes very well indeed, his only difficulty being a tendency to over-elaborate, as if he were in desperate fear of leaving anything out, so that effusion and exuberance often obscure the rich quality of life and thought in his work. It is now more than forty years since the early achievements of Joyce, his sparseness, his discipline, but these seem not to have affected many of his successors. Kiely suffers from the same rhapsodic motivation that often stifles the considerable talent of O'Faolain. Elizabeth Bowen and Frank O'Connor have evaded this trap, but Kiely remains in it. However, unless the extraordinary talent of Brian Moore continues to develop as it promises to do, Kiely will be virtually alone among the younger Irish novelists worthy of international attention.

In drama, the main facts are that the Abbey has become a bore and that the little theatres—especially the Pike—are active. A playwright has a good chance of getting a play produced on the stage or over Radio Aireann, and the Lyric Players at Belfast are resourceful and ready to try anything. Austin Clarke's verse plays are done frequently in Dublin and Belfast, and Brendan Behan has had an enormous success with his randy, sad, witty *The Quare Fellow*. He has written a new play to be performed in London this year, and he is a formidable and occasionally amusing character. One visiting American, to my great alarm, said that Brendan reminded her of Dylan Thomas; if she and her like bring Behan to America as Dylan's avatar, it will serve everybody right.

Even now, there is a change in Ireland. The curfew at Newry was lifted the other day, and at this time of year I am constantly saying goodbye to Irish writers, going to London, going to Barcelona, going to New York. Troy Kennedy Martin has just finished a novel, Sean O'Criadin has had his novel accepted for publication, the Dolmen Press has issued a book of poems by Richard Weber, Anthony Cronin is writing a book on Joyce that should be good, John Montague has written a fine review of Waggoner's book on Wyndham Lewis and has a book of poems almost ready for press, Pearse Hutchinson has published more of his translations from the Catalan. So it goes. Politically, religiously and economically Dublin lives in a void of irrelevant memories and deferred hopes, but the materials of life remain open to fresh contemplation and an honest appropriateness of speech. All around one are the scenes rendered in permanently commemorative manner by Yeats, Joyce, George Moore; the current works of Frank O'Connor and Samuel Beckett are reminders of literary attainment that need not be unique and final. An island may be isolated, a place for withdrawal, but Ireland opens out on the wide world, and from this island may come a young writer with the capacity for revivifying experience. That, at least, is the recurrent dream of the Dublin poet, dramatist and novelist.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I WOULD have preferred to see Langston Hughes's *Simply Heavenly* (Playhouse) where it was first presented—in an impossible little room in the unlikely West Eighties. I do not mean that I took no pleasure in it on Broadway, but the crude charm of this "musical folk comedy" seems to go with an informal atmosphere—a little threadbare, almost sleazy, yet cordial and homey.

Melvin Stewart's Simple is very true to the play's feeling and manner, while Claudia McNeil as a down-on-her-seat realist has an enviably rich voice and a "big" personality. I might argue that the show is spotty or uneven (although practically the entire cast is pleasing and Simple's sayings are generally genial), but I must indicate a difference between myself and most other reviewers: these friends of mine usually give the impression that if a show is good for one hour and a half and weak for a half hour, it is not worth seeing. I am delighted with even a half hour out of two—if that half hour is fun. *Simply Heavenly*, a neighborhood *Everyman*, provides more than that half hour.

MR. T. C. JONES (John Golden Theatre) is a very nice girl. There is nothing invidious in this remark: I like the

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human atmosphere that this gifted female impersonator creates. He imitates —extremely well—such stars as Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, Judy Holliday. Such impersonations often tend to induce a certain queasiness in me, but Mr. Jones's imitations possess a friendliness, even a kind of velvet delicacy that bespeak sensibility and good nature.

Many of the reviewers disparaged Mr. Jones's evening—it was too long, they averred, and rarely distinguished in material. That is perhaps true—review or night-club performers find it difficult to secure the services of good writers. There is always a tendency toward conventional gagging and private party corn. (Many French players in these categories are greatly aided by the collaboration of first-rate men: Jacques Prévert, Raymond Queneau, etc.)

Jones has no such assistance and his performance suffers accordingly, but that is no reason for withholding applause for his genuine skill. He may not know it or care, but he has something of the suave but firm touch of the Chinese actors who play women's parts. I can think of no higher compliment for him.

THE "STAR" of *Tevya and his Daughters* (Carnegie Hall Playhouse), described as a "new play" by Arnold Perl, is Sholom Aleichem, on whose Yiddish folk tales this acting script is based.

Tevya is the "essential" Jew in the guise of a hard-working, generally impoverished rural citizen of the ghetto villages of Tsarist Russia in the late nineteenth century. He is kindly, he is sensible, he is angelically patient, and he is presented with a wryly affectionate humor that might without pretention be described as profound.

That however is not what I mean by speaking of Tevya as the "essential" Jew. Waldo Frank has said that for the Jews "history is ethics." Tevya enacts or tries to enact the principles of Jewish (one is tempted to say universal) morality in every gesture of his inconspicuous life. What makes him a comic character, in fact, is his constant effort to equate all his behavior, including its drabbest necessities and drudgeries—with the blessedness of the All Highest; a saint without the aura lent him by art or a corresponding faith within ourselves must always strike us as somewhat laughable.

So I smiled rather happily at *Tevya and His Daughters,* though it is no play but an extended monologue with bits of illustrated action and has no original form of its own. The dialogue fails to capture the sweet familiarity of Sholom Aleichem's prose—it becomes rather stiff and "literary" in Mr. Perl's adaptation—while the production is shapeless without any integrating theatrical idea.

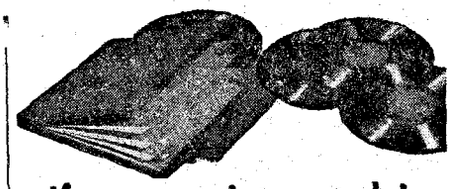
There are some sound actors in the cast—notably Mike Kellin whose native goodness of heart always comes through —but on opening night the cast appeared more than a little constrained. The performance as a whole is probably much better now. In any case, one is always grateful for even a little of a true master's light—and Sholom Aleichem was one.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE FALL season opens at the Museum of Modern Art with shows of the paintings of Matta and the sculptures of David Smith, both on through October 20. More sculpture by Smith is on view until October 12 at the Fine Arts Associates. David Smith works more like a blacksmith than like the traditional sculptor, building his pieces out of metal bars and plates which he forges into shape or welds together. The type of composition he uses is one we are already familiar with in the work of Giacometti and others. The sculpture is designed as a frame, a cage, a skeleton, an interlacing of struts rather than as a continuous closed surface. The sculptor is concerned with the space between its members rather than the mass inside its skin, an approach to composition extremely useful to the abstract sculptures—to the abstractionists like Calder or Pevsner who manipulate spatial relations or construct geometrical forms, as well as to the less severe abstractionists like Smith whose work still retains some trace of a naturalistic subject matter.

Actually, abstraction is much more easily successful in sculpture than in painting. The pure abstractionist in painting, who eschews the aid of identifiable forms, has great difficulty inventing means which will depict a third di-



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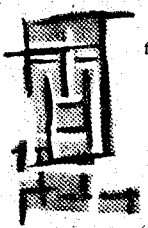

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mension or indicate in his picture a bulge or a recession. For the most part he does not even attempt it and boasts virtuously that he is not violating his picture plane. The abstract sculptor, on the other hand, has no trouble creating a third dimension. By the very nature of his material it is already there and gives to his productions a kaleidoscopic multiplicity of interest that pure abstract painting in flat pattern, even with its resources of color, texture and subliminal imagery, cannot attain.

SMITH'S own exposition is proof of this. The works done in the flat are much inferior to the others. The paintings and drawings, labyrinthine networks of dark on light reminiscent of Arp or de Kooning, have little to hold the attention. The two small bas reliefs, *Elements which Cause Prostitution,* and *Chicago II,* are lumpish and amateur. But the sculptures shown are handsome and effective. Here, too, the sculptor is using materials which, unlike paint or plasticine, are intrinsically beautiful. The objects made from fragments of metal welded together are intricate and varied. I particularly liked the *Australia,* a monstrous insect in thin metal rods; *The Royal Bird,* voracious and skeletal; the graceful *Leda,* in steel plate; and the monumental *Sentinal III,* an upright concretion of girder sections, on wheels for mobility.

The paintings of Matta are perhaps not as serious as this: they are certainly more entertaining, particularly the recent ones. The earlier works, those up into 1944, seem much less successful. The paint is less skillfully applied. The pigment is thin and greasy, put on with too much medium, the texture of the canvas always in evidence. The color has little invention or subtlety. The modeling is done in vague tones of grey, brown and slate, with sudden explosions of magentas and electric greens. The drawing is soft and imprecise. The influences are quite evidently Max Ernst and Yves Tanguy, but without Ernst's variety and textures or Tanguy's precision and restraint. The general effect is of the colored plates of a medical dictionary seen out of focus.

The later paintings, on the other hand, are well painted, readable and complex. The paint textures are firm, the color under control. Depth and recession are obtained by a very ingenious system of contour lines and overlapping rectangular planes seen in perspective, derived, perhaps, from the painting of Marcel Duchamp. Indeed one finds in two of these pictures something of the orange and olive tonality of Duchamp's *Descending Nude.* Most striking of all, the subject matter has changed. Instead of the imagery and associations of clinical biology we now find those of science fiction.

It is a menacing science fiction wherein appear the insect-like forms and the incomprehensible activities of beings from outer space: *Being With*—a pair of extraterrestrials, possibly male and female, travesties of mantis shape, performing on each other a series of unexplained and certainly painful operations in a geometrical setting which might be a Venusian laboratory or the interior of a cybernetics machine; *Against You: Dove Assassins*—in which white glider forms with mouths compactly filled with teeth swoop down upon the spectator; *The Spherical Roof Around Our Tribe*—which seems to depict the inside of a huge, transparent bubble where monstrous and alien beings press waiting against the outside of the glass; *The Unthinkable*—in which one creature, perhaps an artificial brain, is performing some sort of surgical experiment upon another. Whether or not one takes this seriously as painting, it is nonetheless vastly entertaining; an interstellar Mickey Mouse, the perfect illustrations for Clark's *Childhood's End,* a Disneylog of the measureless galactic spaces.

THE element common to the two artists here on show is the constant use of the skeletal form, of the insect comparison. In David Smith the image seems derived from the Picasso "bones," made when this painter first joined the Surrealists. In Matta it would seem to come jointly from Dali's ants and Max Ernst's goblins, both painters at one time active in Surrealism, as was Matta himself.

Surrealism in its original form was a literary movement based on the practice of automatic writing, the excessive metaphor derived from free association, the psychology of Freud, and the sociology of Trotsky. In the 30s it offered directives to almost every art, from painting and poetry to interior decoration and portrait photography. Its chief canon was that art must be subversive, disquieting and menacing.

To be disquieting and menacing is certainly the aim of the works here. In this they are not ineffective. Surrealism as a poetic discipline is now almost forgotten. But the threatening apparition as a subject for art—as in Max Ernst's demons, in Picasso's caricatures and monsters, or as one sees it here—is one element of the Surrealist conjuration which still retains its potency.

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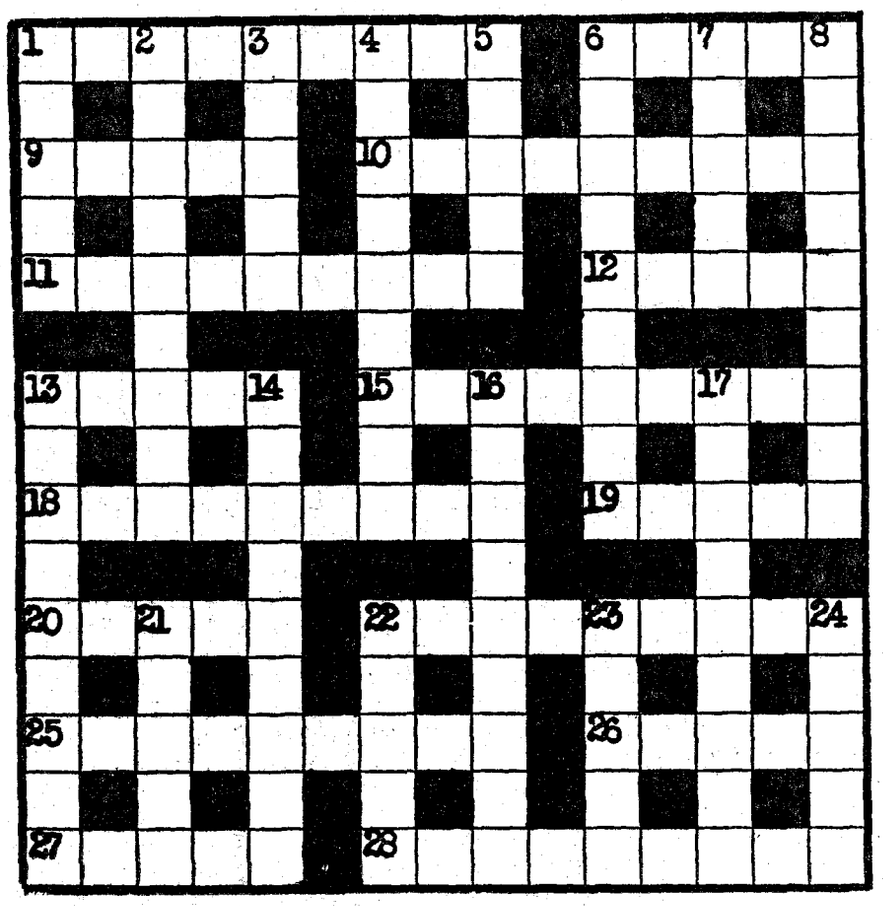
Crossword Puzzle No. 740

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Time attempts a conservative account which might be rather exciting. (9, 5)
9 Place for all but a grasshopper's tail. (5)
10 The way a storm gathers around the lake. (You might buy their stock, just in case!) (9)
11 Plain steak, perhaps. (9)
12 The place guards want to know who goes? (5)
13 A ship of the desert cavalryman. (5)
15 Acted badly, and died the same way, but devoted to the cause. (9)
18 One might have 20 aspirations, though it suggests one took care of things beforehand. (9)
19 Such paper might wear well. (5)
20 Suggesting pomp and circumstance, a composition of Elgar. (5)
22 Perhaps the mutton hasn't arrived to pass something of itself without ties. (9)
25 Satan barely ranked him. (9)
26 One who plays for money in an area of the stage. (5)
27 Planted gently, like a seed. (5)
28 My hat sets the style, perhaps, in certain small circles. (9)

DOWN:

1 Where Bizet's woman came from. (5)
2 To leave sick at heart, and waver. (9)
3 Retreats. (5)
4 If you've said what touches your state, it isn't this! (9)
5 12 has five, instead of a thousand each. (5)
6 The display of a monocle? (9)
7 Drab color? (5)
8 When the word of Caesar might have stood against the world, according to Marc. (9)
13 Watch the bar please! Such things might be easily broken into bits! (9)
14 The way Eliza died evidently wasn't very realistic. (9)
16 Literally, the kind of ship that can be steered. (9)
17 The lizard form of storehouse? (9)
21 Songs, in part. (5)
22 You might find more than fifty by a place in Africa. (5)
23 Cut by the mower. (5)
24 Their 3 should be near the sea, but they're also found in more proper nests. (5)

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